

AMUSEMENTS—

With Dates of Events.

NEW LOS ANGELES THEATER—

Under the direction of AL HAYMAN.
C. M. WOOD, Lessee. H. C. WYATT, Manager.

ONE WEEK, COMMENCING

Monday, December 10,

MATINEE SATURDAY.

David Henderson's

AMERICAN EXTRAVAGANZA CO.'S.

Crowning Triumph, direct from its phenomenal run of five months
at the Chicago Opera House.

"Aladdin, Jr.,"

TRANSCENDENT SCENERY.

FIN-DE-SIECLE BALLETS.

MAGNIFICENT COSTUMES.

UP-TO-DATE FUN.

AN INCOMPARABLE SCENIC SPECTACLE, PRODUCED AT A COST OF \$20,000.

MOST GORGEOUS OF SPECTACLES.

RESOUNDING WITH MELODY.

AGLOW WITH BRILLIANT COLOR.

INCENSANT IN ITS VIVACITY.

UP-TO-DATE LOCALISMS.

FOUR GREAT COMEDIANS.

TWO WORLD-FAMED PREMIERES.

A Thousand Entrancing Features in One Great Entertainment.

The Company.

ANNA BOYD,
ADA DEAVES,
FRANKIE HAYMOND,
ALLEN CHASE,
IRENE VERONA,
NELLIE LYNCH,
MARY THORN,
FLORA EVANS,
HENRY NORMAN,
JOHN J. BURKE,
ALBERT FREEMAN,
JOHN E. GAIN,
JOHN E. TURNER,
JOHN E. MURPHY,
DAVID ABRAMS,
JOSEPH WALKER,
BESSIE POPE,
AND OTHERS.

NEW LOS ANGELES THEATER—

Under the direction of AL HAYMAN.
C. M. WOOD, Lessee. H. C. WYATT, Manager.

--- Christmas Week, ---

Alexander

SALVINI,

In Classic and Romantic Play.

BURBANK THEATER—

FRED A. COOPER, Manager.
Great Success of the New Departure.

LAST SUNDAY THE THEATER PACKED TO THE DOORS.

This Sunday, Dec. 9th,

Every Evening During the Week and SATURDAY MATINEE.

THE ONLY TWIN STARS

In the World,

WILLARD AND WILLIAM

NEWELL

IN THE BEAUTIFUL ROMANTIC DRAMA.

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,

... SUPPORTED BY THE ...

ENTIRE COOPER COMPANY.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

MAGNIFICENT COSTUMES.

Admission, 15c, 30c and 50c. BOX SEATS, 50c and 75c.

IMPERIAL—

MAIN ST. BETWEEN FIRST AND SECOND.
LOS ANGELES' POPULAR VAUDEVILLE HOUSE.
THIS EVENING AT 8

A New Company

of Specialty Artists.

Prices, 10c, 20c, 30c and 50c.

Blanchard-Fitzgerald Music Hall.

THIS WEEK'S CONCERT BULLETIN.

Wednesday, Dec. 12, 8:15 p.m.—Mrs. Washington Berry, contralto; assisted by Miss Augustin Berger, pianist, Mr. Olofson, tenor, Herr Arnold Kraus, violinist. Admission 50c.

Thursday, Dec. 13, 8:15 p.m.—Herr Sunde, tenor robusto; assisted by Mrs. J. M. Jones, harpist, Herr Arnold Kraus, violinist. Admission 50c.

Friday, Dec. 14, 8:15 p.m.—Carl Smyser Throver, tenor; assisted by Miss Jessie Padham, soprano, Miss Bernice Holmes, contralto, Mrs. John Mitchell, soprano, Mr. Edwin H. Clark, violinist, Mr. Foley Parker, character songs, Quintette Club, Sig. Ricci, clarinet, Miss Norton and Mrs. LaRabee accompanists. Admission 50c.

Saturday, Dec. 15, 8:15 p.m.—Prof. Singleton and Sunier, the celebrated auto-harp players; assisted by A. Blanchard, organist virtuoso. Admission free to this concert.

BLANCHARD-FITZGERALD MUSIC CO.,
1118-1124 South Spring Street.Free Exhibition and Sale
OF
Paintings by Elmer Wachtel.

Exhibition Monday till Friday. Auction sale Thursday and Friday of this week at 1 o'clock in rooms at Brown Block, Second and Spring streets.

THE MORNING NEWS

The Times

ASSOCIATED PRESS REPORTS BRIEFLY.

BY TELEGRAPH: The Gung murder mystery solved; Harry Hayward planned the awful crime and Engineer Blix of the Ozark Flats killed the hapless woman; a full confession by the brother of the arch-criminal—Mr. Cook undertakes to talk the Revenue Cutter Bill to death in the House; the Territorial bills and the Democracy—Text of the new treaty with Japan—The Armenian outrages; Dr. Hamlin, formerly of Roberts College at Constantinople, thinks the Russians are at the bottom of a revolution which has impelled the Armenians against the Turks—The anti-revolutionary bill is likely to pass the German Reichstag. The Farmers' Alliance denounces Judge Ross and Judge Morrow for their treatment of the strikers—The Berkeley freshmen defeat the Stanford freshmen at football—The railroad rates to the Coast to go up—John Burns, the English labor agitator, finds fault with the Chicago streets—A committee to gather evidence for the Republican State Central Committee looking to a rebuff—The wife of a San Jose laborer falls heir to a big German estate—The Fresno-Monterey railroad.

Dispatches were also received from Salt Lake, Tablequah, Kansas City, Springfield, Ill.; Chicago, Richmond, Ky.; Seattle, Sacramento, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Richmond, Va.; New York and other places.

THE CITY.
Craig, the triple murderer, sentenced to be hanged—The Maldonado brothers, the would-be train-wreckers, must serve their terms in the State's building—The Eastern race-horses have arrived; all the flyers in good condition—Conrad, the would-be suicide, is improving and will probably recover—Result of the inquest in the Weir case—Sudden death of a passenger on an overland train.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.
Preliminary examination of Realey and Settles on a charge of murder at Long Beach; both men held to answer—The First National Bank of San Bernardino will probably reopen—Another good rain throughout Southern California.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.
For Southern California: Generally fair, except occasional light showers in the extreme east portion tonight; nearly stationary temperature; light northerly winds; frosts in exposed places tonight.

THE ENGLISH AGITATOR.

John Burns Finds Fault with Chicago Streets—Trade Unions.

Associated Press London-Wire Service.
CHICAGO, Dec. 8.—John M. Burns, M.P., the London labor leader, who left for Denver last night spent the afternoon and evening in driving about Chicago, and visiting various points of interest about the city. After speaking in praise of the Art Institute, he delivered himself of a few caustic comments on the dirty streets, over which he had been driven, in these words:

But the streets—they are execrable. There is nothing on the face of the earth to compare with the streets of Chicago. It seems to be a city of mud down there. The lowest, filthiest, dirtiest streets in London are paved as well as the very best streets in the west end of Chicago. There seems to be no end of an organizing head. You can judge the character of the officials of a city by what they produce."

Of political action by trade unions in England he said: "Our trades unions and trade union councils are non-political, speaking in the American sense. I represent 1,500,000 bona fide workmen. My own union has 75,000 members. There is an element outside the union that has political views and are partisans, but not so strong as here. The congress votes for a certain thing, but I believe in such a party, but it must be a party based on judgment and free from narrowness. Personally I stood the last time as a Social Democrat. We believe in electing a man independently when such a thing can be done and when this cannot be done we support the best man. I have not identified myself with either party. So far as I support the government and at other times the opposition, depending entirely upon which side I believe to be right."

David Hamilton, a pioneer in the London labor movement, and who has been a lifelong friend of Burns, was hardly able to be about, having contracted a very severe cold. Last night, however, he was somewhat improved and able to proceed to Denver with the rest of the party.

MANTELL CHALLENGED.

The Husband of Actress Charlotte Behrens on the Warpath.

Associated Press London-Wire Service.
CINCINNATI (O.), Dec. 8.—E. E. Hume, the husband of actress Charlotte Behrens, leading lady in Robert Mantell's company, which is playing at the Grand Theater this week, has challenged Mantell to a duel for alienating his wife's affections. Because of the strict laws in Ohio against dueling, Hume was unable to secure seconds here, and sent a letter to Mantell, asking the latter to meet him in Covington, Ky., at 11:30 o'clock last night. Mantell ignored the request.

At the office of the Register, Hume declared his intentions of killing Mantell at sight. Mantell's company goes to Chicago next week, and Hume swears that he will pursue Mantell to that city if necessary.

Gov. Altgeld Ill.

SPRINGFIELD (Ill.), Dec. 8.—Gov. Altgeld has been looking and feeling badly for several days, and last night he left for Hot Springs, Ark., accompanied by Mrs. Altgeld. They will be gone for an indefinite time, the Governor not having decided the length of their stay.

A CONFESSION.

Miss Gung's Murderers in Jail.

Harry Hayward Planned the Deed.

The Actual Crime was Committed by Engineer Blix of the Ozark Flats.

How the Horrible Tragedy was Carried Out—A Third Party Implicated—Hayward's Brother Tells the Story.

Associated Press London-Wire Service.

CHICAGO, Dec. 8.—The Herald has a special from Minneapolis, this morning, in which occurs this sensational paragraph:

"Adry Hayward has confessed that his brother approached him at various times and broached the scheme of killing Miss Gung. Adry said that he attempted to prevent it, and had told L. M. Stewart, Stewart wrote to the officials. Being confronted with this letter, Adry confessed."

According to the confession, Harry T. Hayward planned the murder and C. A. Blix, engineer of the Ozark Flats, committed the deed. Blix was arrested early this morning and locked up in the central station. After committing the bloody deed, Blix returned to the city and disposed of some of his clothing to a man named Ole Erickson, and left next morning for Iowa Falls, Iowa, where his wife is employed in a hotel, and there had his clothing washed.

He returned to Minneapolis and sold some of the clothing to a pawnbroker on Washington avenue, south. The remainder of the clothing was undoubtedly burned in a furnace at Ozark Flats. The motive for the crime, was to secure the insurance on Miss Gung's life.

THE STORY.

Last evening the Mayor went to the West Hotel and repaired at once to a suite on the top floor, where he was soon joined by Detective Hoy. They had in charge Blix, the engineer. For some time the Mayor and detective sweated their man, apparently without success, but soon it was evident that they had struck a head which they expected to gather up for the very next day. Then the Mayor and detective resumed the conference was resumed. Before long Detective Hoy was sent away in a carriage and returned with Blix's wife. Ole Erickson, who did work around the Ozark building, was introduced into the circle. The court of inquiry then got down to business, and during the long session which followed, Sheriff Ege and a couple of his deputies, with Superintendent Smith, put in an appearance. For a long time no one was seen to come out of the rooms where the investigation was progressing, but at last about 12:30 o'clock Sheriff Ege emerged, and was pounced upon by the anxious newspaper men. He was not inclined to be communicative, but said: "We have the man who did the shooting and are going to arrest him in a few minutes. Blix is the man."

The Sheriff turned upstairs and within five minutes Detective Hoy had come down, taking Blix with him in a back to the lock-up. Upon their arrival there Blix was locked up on the charge of murder and Hoy returned to the hotel and took Erickson to the lock-up. The charge of murder was also entered against him. Before leaving the lock-up Detective Hoy took a key from Blix and, accompanied by Mrs. Blix, went to the Ozark flats in search of evidence.

The crime was conceived long ago. The motive was the securing of the life insurance. Levy M. Stewart was a valuable aid to the authorities in looking up the case. It appears that the scheme was broached by Harry Hayward to Adry Hayward and that the latter attempted to dissuade his brother from the commission of such a bloody crime. For a time he thought that he had succeeded, but finally when he became convinced that Harry was determined to go through with it, he went to Stewart, who has been more than a friend to the family, and told him of the plot. Stewart took no stock in the story at first, but when he learned of the crime he at once communicated with the authorities and informed them of the story. He advised the lock-up Detective Hoy to inform the officers "for the sake of the mystery. The details are largely to be worked out. The officers themselves are not entirely satisfied just how the murder was committed. They are, however, satisfied that they have the right parties in custody. It is said to be a party of the hold-up in which Miss Gung, Miss Vetter and Harry Hayward were robbed last April. In fact, the police are said to know the name of the party in possession of the jewelry taken at that time. None of the officers would state this morning their theory as to how Miss Gung was induced to take a carriage ride with a man so low in the social scale as Blix. They did not even attempt to explain how it was that she had taken three rides.

Adry Hayward's confession is only as to the events preceding the murder. It is evident that he knew nothing of how it was carried out, but it is evident that he was visited by Harry at his apartments in the Ozark Flats on the evening of the murder, and told that he had better be where he could account for himself during the evening. Adry acted on this suggestion, and at once went to the house of his father-in-law, and spent the evening until after the murder had occurred. Adry's confession shows that prior to the murder Harry had arranged all the details of the crime, the evidence and the life insurance in such a manner that it would appear to the public afterward that it was all open and above board.

Time and time again Harry made personal appeals to Adry, but the latter always told him that he could never carry out such a scheme as getting rid of the girl without hanging for it. Harry grew very angry at Adry's repeated opposition, and finally threatened to murder him if he resisted. It was not until three days before the day of the murder that he realized that the plot was still incubating. It was then that he told L. M. Stewart what he knew. The object of Harry's visit to Adry's apartments on the night of the murder was ostensibly to confer with him regarding a policy matter. It was in reality to warn him to plant himself so that he could prove an alibi. This Adry did. Harry's word were: "You had better be with your folks; something may happen."

"THE FARMERS ARE JUBILANT."



Who said this was going to be a "dry" season?

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Adry then went to the residence of his father-in-law, and was next visible after the reports of the tragedy had reached the flat. Blix, the engineer, is said to have been implicated in the burning of buildings in the insurance of which the Haywards were interested. It has developed that Blix left the flats at 7 o'clock Monday, and returned at 9:10 o'clock. Blix had formerly been a driver on a street car, and had a car-driver's overcoat. This coat he sold to Erickson, he claims, on Saturday. Erickson was in the City Hospital at the time, and agreed to pay \$5 for it. The money, however, had not yet been paid. After getting possession of the coat, Erickson left for Iowa Falls, and while there had the coat washed. He returned to Minneapolis.

It developed, however, that the sale was not made on Saturday. Erickson left the city on Tuesday. Prior to leaving he visited a shop on Washington avenue, South, where he inclosed two pairs of pants, a shirt and other wearing apparel in a paper bag which he took with him and left for Iowa Falls that night. He left Iowa Falls Wednesday night and returned to Minneapolis, as stated, Thursday morning. When he returned he saw Harry and Blix talking together in the engine-room and heard Harry give orders not to allow anyone to enter the place. He then went to a pawnshop on Washington avenue and sold the coat for \$2.

Harry Hayward's apartments, a suit of rooms on the ground floor of the Ozark, facing on Hennepin avenue, were searched early this morning by Sheriff Ege, Chief of Police Smith and Detectives Hoy and Howard. Several spots of blood were discovered on the floor of a closet adjoining the room in which Harry slept. Sheriff Ege, after scraping one of the spots with a knife, turned to Detective Howard and said: "The bundle of bloody clothes was probably thrown on the closet floor and left there for the time being, until taken away by Erickson the following morning."

Detective John Hoy, who arrested Erickson, stated that he had positive proof that Erickson left Minneapolis this morning after the murder with a neatly-wrapped bundle containing the bloody clothes. He stated that he took a train for a point in Iowa, where the clothes were washed. Whether the police have the clothes in their possession could not be learned last night, but it is rumored that they have. The motive in having the clothes washed and brought back to the city, it is claimed, was to evade suspicion, the owner wishing to continue to wear them.

Officials who visited the flats were armed with a search-warrant and they first proceeded to search the old gentleman's apartment on the top floor of the building. Harry and Adry slept on the ground floor, Harry in a front room and his brother in a room in the rear. In a table-drawer Detective Howard found two revolvers belonging to Harry. One was a double-barreled revolver of the Derringer pattern, and the other a Smith & Wesson. Six boxes of cartridges were also confiscated. Harry's clothes were carefully examined, but nothing startling was discovered. Several notes from lady friends inviting him to meet them at a certain place for a "social time," were found neatly tied together in the bottom of a trunk.

The officers confiscated a satchel containing a lot of clothes belonging to the engineer and it is thought that the clothes worn by the murderer of Catherine Gung were among the contents of the satchel. HOW THE CONFESSION WAS SECURED.

MINNEAPOLIS (Minn.), Dec. 8.—Adry Hayward has been taken to St. Paul for safe-keeping. He is expected to make a written confession of the whole plot. His attorneys are very indignant at the action of the authorities in preventing them from seeing their client. The manner in which his nerve was finally broken and he was induced to confess is sensational. When Adry was first taken under de-

tention and the awaiting process was applied he was totally invincible. His course in all of the terrors which were applied to him to induce a confession and other appeals made, together with confronting him with pretended proofs which levers were applied by Assistant County Attorney Hall with all the consummate skill he was able to bring to bear, was greatly admired. He stood like a mountain in a storm, absolutely unflinching. This was in the City Attorney's office. The scene was most dramatic. Hall had to guide him, first of all, the intuitive knowledge he had obtained from a study of the crime.

"I know nothing whatever," retorted Adry constantly. Finally he explained, "If all you say is true and I know aught which would tend to convict Harry, still would I keep my mouth closed; I would not have the blood of my brother on my hands."

Thus matters stood until toward midnight last night, after it was known that Blix and Erickson were safely under cover, Blix and his wife were then taken under examination in a room in the West Hotel. Levy M. Stewart's office is in the Kasota building, one block away, and here Adry was brought in a carriage, Stewart having been requested to be at his office. It was the same room in which Adry had made his statement three days previous to the murder that Harry was putting up the job to murder the girl, which act had been written to the County Attorney in Stewart's letter. Hall took Adry into Stewart's office. The moment he was in Stewart's presence, he showed the first signs of weakening, but made a great effort to maintain his nerve. As before denials were on his lips, but when Stewart said there was no use quibbling; that he knew of his brother's whole plot, Adry broke down utterly. He turned to the County Attorney and said: "I am done; I will tell the whole story."

Adry did so and it covered his own knowledge of the plot from near the time it was conceived. The plot was for Blix and Erickson to do the actual murder. As Adry understood it, Miss Gung was to be decoyed by Blix and he was to kill her and Erickson was to assist in hiding the clothes or whatever else was necessary. No one is permitted to see the Hayward brothers, except their attorneys and relatives.

E. Hall was an early caller at the County Jail this morning, and remained in their cell for a long time. Sheriff Ege and his men were at work all last night, and were still on the trail of more evidence this morning.

"My theory from the start has been that Blix was the man who did the shooting," he said. "Blix is a tough case."

"Was Blix the man who went riding with Miss Gung?"

The Sheriff looked steadily at his questioner for a moment, and then replied: "Blix is the one who did the shooting."

The Sheriff, in ransacking the Ozark Flats, found many things that would be of value in bringing the murderer and his accomplice to their deserts. One of these was a white handkerchief with several imprints of bloody fingers, as if it had been used in wiping up small flecks of blood. The handkerchief was rather small, of quite fine texture, probably belonging to Miss Gung.

THE MURDERED WOMAN.

AUBURN (N. Y.), Dec. 8.—The funeral of Catherine Gung, who was murdered in Minneapolis, took place here today.

BLOODY CLOTHES AT IOWA FALLS.
IOWA FALLS (Iowa), Dec. 8.—A bundle of bloody clothing found here has caused considerable excitement. The wife of Erickson, the man under arrest at Minneapolis, for complicity in the Gung murder, brought a bundle of bloody clothes here last Tuesday, and it is hinted that they had belonged to the Gung woman and are none other than those found today.

SPURIOUS TICKETS.

A Defeated Republican Contests the Election.

Associated Press London-Wire Service.
LEXINGTON (Ky.), Dec. 8.—Notices of contest have been served on Congressman-elect James M. Kendall (Dem.) of the Tenth District, on behalf of N. T. Hopkins (Rep.), who charges conspiracy with the County Clerk to defraud him by issuing spurious tickets, omitting his name from the Republican ticket.

NO EASY TASK.

Revenue Cutter Bill and Mr. Clark.

He Undertakes to Talk it to Death.

The Previous Question on the Measure to be Moved Next Tuesday.

Friends of the Territorial Bills Encouraged by the Action of the Democratic Caucus—The Programme.

Associated Press London-Wire Service.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The proceedings in the House were enlivened by a characteristic speech from Mr. Clark of Missouri, which abounded in personal allusions, and was generally of the sledgehammer variety. It was made in connection with the bill to retire incapacitated officers of the revenue cutter service, with the avowed purpose of talking the bill to death. He succeeded in consuming the morning hour, and the bill went over. The remainder of the day was consumed in debate on the Railroad Pooling Bill.

The friends of the Territorial admission bills feel much relieved over the action of the Democratic Senatorial caucus in deciding to place these bills on the preferred calendar. There had been some opposition feared lest the fact that Arizona and New Mexico had elected Republican delegates to Congress at the last election would have the effect of causing the Democratic Senate to decide against taking the bills up at the present session. Mr. Faulkner, chairman of the Territorial Committee, has been an advocate of admitting these bills in the programme for the short session; meeting the arguments of those who would have had the bills side-tracked for political reasons, with the assertion that the result of the recent election could not be accepted as in any sense a criterion of the permanent political preferences of the people of the Territories.

Delegates Joseph and Smith, representing the two Territories, both Democrats, confirmed this opinion. Both of them have been exceedingly anxious to see the floor of the Senate recently, giving close attention to the admission question. They urged upon Democratic Senators that it is unfair to judge the predilections of the respective constituencies by the results in the contests for delegates. In the Territories, as elsewhere, many Democrats remained away from the polls at the November election.

Messrs. Joseph and Smith argue from these premises that the Territories will prove safely Democratic as States, and urge that the programme for admission be carried forward just as zealously as though they were both to continue to sit in the House the next two years.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

SECOND SESSION.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—HOUSE.—Less than twenty-five members were present when the House was called to order at noon today. In the morning hour Mr. Mallory of Florida from the Committee on Interstate Commerce, called up the bill to promote the efficiency of the revenue cutters. The bill was considered several times last session. It provided for the retirement of officers of the service incapacitated by reason of infirmities, age or physical or mental disabilities. Messrs. Mallory, English of Maryland and Cayer of New York supported the bill, but it was antagonized by Mr. Clark of Missouri, who deliberately avowed his intention of talking it to death. Clark's speech was characteristic, humorous and audacious to the point of sensationalism and it kept the House in a fever of laughter, cheers and jeers.

The morning hour expired without action and Mr. Brown of Maryland gave notice that Thursday next he would call up the contested election case of Williams vs. Settle. The House then resumed consideration of the Railroad Pooling bill. Three members participated in the debate, Messrs. Gear of Alabama (Dem.) Daboll of Pennsylvania, (Rep.) Grow of Pennsylvania, (Rep.) and Mahone of Virginia, (Rep.) all in favor of the bill. Mr. Blair of New Hampshire offered an amendment to give the commission power at any time to nullify pooling contracts. Patience was shown, the notice that he would demand the previous question on the bill next Tuesday, at 3 o'clock, and then, at 4:40 p.m., the House adjourned.

TAKE OR LET ALONE.

Ex-Judge Maguire's Ideas on Congress and the Pacific Roads.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Representative Maguire of California will make a vigorous opposition to the effort to take up the Pacific Railroad Funding Bill. He will also contest the measure on the floor if Chairman Reilly succeeds in having Speaker Crisp fix the time for the bill before the holidays. Said Maguire: "It is true that the bonds are about mature, and the government will have to meet them, but it has been paying interest on the bonds for years, and these payments for interest reach the amazing figure of \$50,000,000, while the principal is only \$27,000,000. There should be no alarm, therefore, over the payment of the principal, when the government has already paid out twice as much as the principal."

The main objection to the pending bill is that it extends for fifty years the absolute dominion of the Pacific roads over the traffic of the great West. It also limits the security of the government to certain designated roads. It will be better if Congress lets the subject alone and makes no adjustment, rather than make one of disadvantage to the government and to Western development."

Maguire was asked if Congress did not act whether the Pacific roads would not lapse under government control. "Undoubtedly they will," said he, "and it would be a practical realization of the government ownership of railroads. It would not be necessary for the government to operate them, however, unless private interests refused to carry them on. Their forfeiture to the government would follow the course of any other mortgage foreclosure, and the actual assumption of government proprietorship would come some time between January 1, 1895, and January, 1899."

3 BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES—

line. NOLAN & SMITH, 228 W. Second. 9

store, well located on Spring street, and doing good business; price anywhere from \$400 to \$1000, to suit buyer. **NOLAN & SMITH, 232 W. Second.**

ROOMS FOR SALE.—AN OLD-ESTABLISHED and well-kept business and retail commission and brokerage business in this city, clearing about \$400 per month, and can be increased almost indefinitely; this is an opening that does not often occur. **NOLAN & SMITH, 232 W. Second.**

ROOMS FOR SALE.—THE BEST, PAYING 40 rooms lodging-house in the city; rent; rooms always full; place very centrally located, and is a house that makes big money the year round; price of furniture,

W. Second.
\$1000—FOR SALE—AN OLD AND WELL-
established

FOR SALE—PROPERTY, BUSINESS ON MAIN ST.
rent low, good location, 1000 sq. ft. building, call
over \$150 per month. **NOLAN & SMITH,**
223 W. Second.

\$12,000—FOR SALE—A WELL-ESTABLISHED
haired hair business in this city; no
bottle asked; will invoice about \$12,000
per month. **NOLAN & SMITH,** 223 W. Second.

\$1000—FOR SALE—VERY FINE 24-ROOM
lodging-house, very desirably located, on
Bancroft St. near 1st St. Call for details
per month; price \$1000. **NOLAN & SMITH,**
223 W. Second.

FOR SALE—ROOMING-HOUSE ON
Spring St., clearing above all expenses over
\$500 per month. **NOLAN & SMITH,** 223 W.
Second.

FOR SALE—\$250,000; ORANGE ORCHARDS
walnut orchards, dairy or farm ranches,
fine city residences, hotels, lodging-houses,
fine city stores, hardware business, fruit
stands, cigar stores, delicatessens, saloons,
bakeries, restaurants and all kinds of mer-
chandise business; prices from \$100 to \$250,000.
Call either Mr. or Mrs. W. C. Nolan for
anything that will not stand the strictest

you are willing to invest in a business that will net you \$100 per month, we would like to see and talk with you. We are sure to

Invest. you. O'BRIEN INVESTMENT
CO., Bradbury Bldg. 9

WE WANT TO SELL YOU ONE OF THE
best grocery locations in this city; stock
will invoice about \$500; is new and clean,
and doing a cash business of \$1500 to \$2000
a month; if you want a grocery store don't
pass this by. O'BRIEN INVESTMENT
CO., Bradbury Bldg. 9

FOR SALE—THE STOCK AND FIXTURES
of a general merchandise store, can be
bought at appraisal; business established 7
years; will appraise about \$300; this is a
rare chance for some one with ready cash

stocked with all pertaining to same, doing a business of \$800 per month, including boarders; fine barn; good lease, reasonable

rent and well located; this is a first-class opportunity to get into business and will stand thorough investigation; price \$2800. STRASBURG & PAYNE, 254 S. Broadway.

WE HAVE SEVERAL CUSTOMERS LOOKING for manufacturing propositions; they will invest from \$1000 to \$15,000; if you have something that is good, come and see us. O'BRIEN INVESTMENT CO., Bradbury building.

for selling—given to bona fide buyer; price of stock, fixtures, good will, etc., \$5000; an exceptionally good opening for a wide market.

business man. **MERRILL & GUNBY**, 129 S. Broadway. 9

FOR EXCHANGE—10 ACRES 10-YEAR-OLD oranges at Riverside in fine condition; water right best in California at low cost; plenty of water; all you want; price \$7000; will trade for stock of groceries in Los Angeles; owner wants to educate his children in room for making this offer. **MERRILL & GUNBY**, 129 S. Broadway. 9

FOR SALE—\$5000.
Largest and best livery and feed stable in the city, and best location; immense busi-

FOR SALE-AT POMONA-
I SELL THE EARTH!
But if you want to start in business in

A prosperous young city, take a run out this way; I have several good business openings. R. S. BASSETT, Pomona.
9

FOR SALE—\$550—
A Sure Bargain!
A Broadway, cafe with 3 living rooms; good business; low rent; very neat and clean.
J. C. OLIVER & CO.,
9 237 W. First st.

FOR SALE—\$350—
—A SNAP—

FOR SALE — A FRUIT AND PRODUCE
store, desirable location; cheap rent; look
at this and be convinced.

Windmill business, complete; this is a big offer to the right man.

ELSER & STEARNS.
9 121 W. Third st.

WANTED—I WANT SOME ONE IMMEDIATELY to represent me and look out for my interests during my absence; I will sell a quarter interest in one of the most popular and best money-making show companies on the road for \$500, part down; no experience necessary. Call today, 315 S. HILL ST. 2

FOR SALE—\$10,000 FOR THE WHOLE OR

\$6000—FOR SALE — AN UNDIVIDED $\frac{1}{2}$
interest in the best-paying mercantile busi-

ness in Los Angeles; stock will fetch over \$20,000, but as the owner has just died and the heirs are anxious to close up the estate, hence the great sacrifice. NOLAN & SMITH, 228 W. Second.

FOR SALE - BY OWNER, FIRST-CLASS
lodging-house, 1 block from City Hall; quiet, best class of guests, good prices; good house, good furniture, full year-round; facilities for keeping boarders if desired. Address K, box 62, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE TO INVESTORS SEEKING IN

FOR SALE—\$2100—

A 40-Room Hotel.
Separate building, close in; best location in
the city.

J. C. OLIVER & CO.,
237 W. First st.
9 s

FOR SALE-IF YOU HAVE \$1500 TO IN-
vest, with serious intent, show you a in-
vestable in good, clean business in this city.
established 4 years; where the profits will
bring you in \$100 per month at least. JOHN
S. SAMPSON, JR., 105 S. Broadway. 9

\$1000- FOR SALE-AN UNDIVIDED 1/2
interest in an old and well-established whole-

FOR SALE - \$800; THAT FINE 6-CHAIR
barber shop on Spring st., opposite the
Hollenbeck; newly fitted and furnished

FOR EXCHANGE—A SMALL STOCK OF clocks, notions and groceries, a ladies' and a gentleman's gold watch, a few diamonds, some cash, for real estate in the city or

will stand the closest investigation; will
sell for cash at invoice; about \$900; no
agents need apply. Address W. box 3,
Chicago Office

TIME OFFICE.

LINERS.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES—

Miscellaneous.

WANTED—A CLIENT WITH \$1000 to invest in an established, paying business in this city; wood and coal business preferred; if you have something good bring it in Monday. JOHN S. SAMSON, JR., 105 S. Broadway.

OR SALE—INTEREST IN GOOD BUSINESS, out-door work, with pay \$15 per month; less than \$1000 will secure this chance. MERRILL & GUNBY, 129 S. Broadway.

OR SALE—FAMILY GROCERY STORE, new stock; new fixtures; best of location; splendid business; will take about \$3000; if you want to go into business here is your chance. W. H. ALLEN, 125 1/2 W. Third st.

WANTED—PERSON WITH \$500 TO TAKE interest in and help perfect a valuable invention now under way in this city; best of location; splendid business; will take about \$3000; if you want to go into business here is your chance. W. H. ALLEN, 125 1/2 W. Third st.

OR SALE—\$1500—A neat bakery; 2 ovens; good trade; owner sick. J. C. OLIVER & CO., 237 W. First st.

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WANTED—FOR A FIRST-CLASS BUSINESS, with capital and energy; also first and best of location; splendid business; will take about \$3000; if you want to go into business here is your chance. W. H. ALLEN, 125 1/2 W. Third st.

OR SALE—INTEREST IN THE PROPER person in splendid business; best of location; splendid business; will take about \$3000; if you want to go into business here is your chance. W. H. ALLEN, 125 1/2 W. Third st.

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BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES—

Miscellaneous.

BUSINESS CARDS, 10 PER 1000—OTHER printing in proportion. PACIFIC PRINTING PLANT, 217 New High st. Tel. 1400.

FOR SALE—NICE CLEAN BUSINESS, cheap; no humbug; will take about \$1000. Inquire 1414 W. FIFTH ST.

FOR SALE—CANDY STORE; BARGAIN; central location; low rent; make only one candle; particulars at 125 S. HILL ST.

FOR SALE—RESTAURANT ON SPRING ST.; a choice, central location; price \$300. L. D. BARNARD, 117 1/2 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—A LARGE GROCERY WITH NO. 1 fruit stand; old stand; bargain; \$500. L. D. BARNARD, 117 1/2 S. Broadway.

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TO LET—

Rooms.

TO LET—2 UNFURNISHED ROOMS for housekeeping; no children; \$6 month. 1512 E. SEVENTH.

TO LET—ADULTS, 7 OR 8 ROOMS, completely furnished; piano; choice location. 1229 S. MAIN ST.

TO LET—THE IRVING, 250 S. HILL; large, sunny rooms, with or without housekeeping privileges.

TO LET—NICE, SUNNY, FURNISHED room outside housekeeping; no children. 638 S. GRAND AVE.

TO LET—LARGE, SUNNY FRONT ROOMS, with or without board. EUCALID VILLA, 114 E. SEVENTH.

TO LET—ON SPRING ST., 3 NICE, FRONT rooms, carpeted. Apply room 7, 321 1/2 S. SPRING ST.

TO LET—ELEGANT FRONT PARLORS, with bay window, high and sunny. 638 S. OLIVE.

TO LET—IF YOU WANT NICE, NEW, FURNISHED room to the SAN XAVIER, 217 W. SEVENTH.

TO LET—LARGE, FURNISHED ROOMS, 35 people; choice location; bargain; \$1200. L. D. BARNARD, 117 1/2 S. Broadway.

TO LET—A HANDSOMELY FURNISHED room, south and east exposure. 953 S. BROADWAY.

TO LET—FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED rooms for light housekeeping. 445 1/2 S. SPRING ST.

TO LET—THE ROEBER BLOCK, 341 S. Main st.; sunny front rooms; single or en suite; bath.

TO LET—NICE, SUNNY, FRONT ROOM, 15 people; rent reasonable. 519 S. SPRING ST.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, large, sunny; adults; light housekeeping. 613 W. SEVENTH.

TO LET—PLEASANT ROOM WITH GRATE, board or partial board if desired. 1013 S. HILL ST.

TO LET—FRONT BAY-WINDOW ROOM, newly furnished; price reasonable, at 629 S. HOPE ST.

TO LET—FURNISHED TO ADULTS, TWO nice, light housekeeping; also stable. 525 S. HILL ST.

TO LET—NICE, FURNISHED FRONT, single or en suite; bath free. 315 S. HILL ST.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS; YOU WILL find pleasant surroundings at 912 S. HILL ST.

TO LET—SUNNY, FURNISHED ROOMS, en suite or single. NORWOOD, corner Sixth and Hill.

TO LET—OUTSIDE ROOMS, ONE WITH grate, rent \$9 and \$10. 117 1/2 S. BROADWAY.

TO LET—3 UNFURNISHED ROOMS, \$6 PER month. 630 N. SICHSEL ST., East Los Angeles.

TO LET—FURNISHED, PART OF COTTAGE, 4 rooms; no children. 308 S. HILL ST.

TO LET—FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED rooms for housekeeping. 400 E. FIFTH ST.

TO LET—SUITE OF ROOMS ON GROUND floor, very desirable; adults. 214 W. SIXTH ST.

TO LET—ROOMS AT "GRAND PACIFIC," 22 per cent. and up. 214 W. SIXTH ST.

TO LET—4 OR 5 UNFURNISHED ROOMS, fine location; no children. 804 PEARL ST.

TO LET—FURNISHED, SUNNY ROOMS with or without board. 926 S. OLIVE ST.

TO LET—SUITE OF ROOMS, SUITABLE for 2 or 3 persons. 214 W. SIXTH ST.

TO LET—AT THE WINTHROP, 804 S. Spring, furnished and unfurnished rooms.

TO LET—SUNNY, FURNISHED ROOMS, on suite or single. 295 S. SPRING ST.

TO LET—NICE, UNFURNISHED ROOMS, single or en suite, at 321 1/2 S. SPRING ST.

TO LET—LARGE, SUNNY, FRONT ROOM; single or en suite. 415 S. SPRING ST.

TO LET—NICE, FURNISHED ROOMS for housekeeping. 638 S. FLOWER ST.

TO LET—SUNNY FRONT ROOM, NICELY furnished, with bath. 629 S. HILL ST.

TO LET—UNFURNISHED ROOMS, CHAR-ROCK BLOCK, cor. Main and Fifth.

TO LET—CHEAP, FURNISHED ROOMS, "THE WABLER," 127 E. Third st.

TO LET—NICE, FURNISHED ROOMS, draft room. 415 S. SPRING ST.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, WITH OR without board. 70 S. HILL ST.

TO LET—NEATLY FURNISHED ROOMS, private family. 1018 S. HOPE.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS WITH PRIVATE bath. 630 S. SPRING ST.

TO LET—SUNNY, FRONT ROOM WITH board. 417 W. SEVENTH ST.

TO LET—

Houses.

TO LET—915 Summit ave., 4-room cottage, \$11.50. 125 S. SEVENTH.

TO LET—2-story house, 4 rooms, \$11. 239 Hyam st., near Temple, 5-room cottage, \$10.

TO LET—4-story house, 6 rooms, \$11. 327 S. State st., Boyle Heights, 5-room cottage, \$10.

TO LET—30th st., 7-room cottage, \$15. 136 W. Pico, 11-room residence, \$25. F. H. PIERCE & CO.

TO LET—10-room house, 21ST NEAR Estrella ave., \$40.

TO LET—4-story house, 6 rooms, \$11. 11-room house, 8 Eighth near Main, \$40.

TO LET—5-room house, 7th near Main, \$35. 5-room cottage, Park Grove ave., \$35.

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TO LET—

Houses.

TO LET—A STOREROOM TO LEASE ON Spring st., bet. Second and Third; possession given Jan. 1, 1895. Address K, box 87, TIMES OFFICE.

TO LET—LARGE, HAND, SUITABLE FOR good, or club meeting; good pastures; 100 acres. H. H. VASNA & CO., 101 Broadway.

TO LET—PART OF GROUND FLOOR OF 224 S. BROADWAY, suitable for insurance or building association. W. H. V. V. V.

TO LET—A FINE STOREROOM, 521 S. BROADWAY; immediate possession. WM. H. AVERY, 114 S. Broadway.

TO LET—

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PUBLISHERS OF
The Los Angeles Times, Daily, Sunday and Weekly.
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Office: Times Building.
N. E. corner of First and Broadway. Telephone numbers: Editorial 674; Business Office 21.
EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE: E. KATZ, 187 WORLD BUILDING, NEW YORK.
Founded December 4, 1881.

The Los Angeles Times

VOLUME XXVII. FOURTEENTH YEAR.
MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, receiving every night in the year from 14,000 to 16,000 words of FRESH TELEGRAPHIC NEWS over 15,000 miles of leased wires.
TERMS: By Mail, \$5 a year; by carrier, 5 cents a month, or 50 cents a week. SUNDAY TIMES \$2 a year. WEEKLY, \$1.50; six months, 75 cents.

Sworn Net Average Circulation for Past Year, Over 13,000 Daily
Exceeding the net circulation of any other two Los Angeles daily papers.

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice for transmission as second-class mail matter

CO-OPERATIVE SETTLEMENT OF LANDS.

As might have been expected, there are already a number of schemes on foot for the utilization of the law that was passed at the last session of Congress, which gives the new States and Territories a million acres of government lands, if they will redeem them. Among the schemes proposed is one for the States to build irrigation ditches with labor brought from the overcrowded towns and cities of the East, and to pay for that labor half in cash and half in land, to be occupied when irrigation works are completed. It will, however, be difficult to induce any great number of people to go West under such conditions. It is proposed to establish a model irrigation colony somewhere in the West, for the purpose of demonstrating what can be done by a single man in the way of agriculture, if his labors are properly directed.

A dispatch from Washington states that five thousand acres of land will be taken in some locality convenient to water and transportation facilities, and one hundred farmers placed on it with farms of from twenty to forty acres each. They will be organized on the village system, as adopted by the Mormons, in order to avoid the objections that people in thickly-settled sections of the country raise when they are recommended to go West. The farmers will live in a village with schools and churches, which will not be more than three miles away at the farthest. Their wives and children will have plenty of society, and there will be a store established by the association at which they can procure at reasonable prices everything they need.

If some such scheme as this could be carried out in good faith and in a practical manner it would be an excellent thing, and would undoubtedly go a long way toward solving the difficult problem which is now presented to the social reformer in the congested condition of our large cities. The Times has consistently opposed the plan of turning over the arid lands of the United States to States and Territories, because we foresee so great a danger in this direction through the power which such a plan would give speculators to gobble up the only remaining lands upon which it is possible for Americans to create homes for themselves and their families. We are still of the opinion that it would be far better for the general government to undertake a comprehensive plan of bringing water upon these lands, which it owns, and that such would be perfectly proper work for the government to undertake. It would certainly be no more out of the line of proper government action than the improvement of rivers and harbors, or the subsidizing of railroads, or the granting of a bounty on some product which it is desired to encourage. At the same time, this donation of one million acres to several of the States and Territories is an accomplished fact, and the next thing is to see that the best thing is done with the land in the interest of the people.

Some such plan as that outlined in the Washington dispatch referred to above would be one of the best methods of settling up the vast tracts of arid lands that are now entirely unproductive. To make such an enterprise successful, however, it will need most careful and business-like management from the beginning. There is no better method of settling land than by co-operation among the settlers. Yet so many co-operative enterprises of this character have proved failures. And why? Because they have been undertaken and managed by theorists, not by practical men. In most of these cases an attempt has been made to interfere with the personal liberty of the citizen, and that will never work as a permanent thing in this country. It is quite possible to have co-operation in all essential things, such as in preparing the land, purchasing seed, trees and supplies, gathering and marketing the crops, and yet at the same time to leave each individual member of the colony as free and independent as if he had settled on a tract by himself. Under such a system as this the settlers find themselves at the end of a couple of years as far advanced as the ordinary farmer who "goes it alone" generally is after ten years of hard work. In other words, a hundred men with \$1000 each can accomplish as much in the way of making improvements, can buy their land and supplies and sell their crops to as great an advantage as one man with \$100,000.

As we have frequently pointed out, there is no better field for the working out of such a plan as this than in Southern California, where a family may make a good living and something more upon ten acres of land. Thus, upon a tract of land containing sixteen square miles, or 100,000 acres,

there would be room for at least fifty thousand people, averaging the families at five persons each, and not including those who would be able to make a living in various other lines of business apart from farming, while none of these people would be more than two miles distant from the central point, at which would be located the village, with its store, school, meeting hall, and so forth. This method of settling land is recommended to the attention of those of our large ranch-owners, who are thinking of subdividing their property. It is no very difficult job to work up such a colony as this in some of the Eastern States, where so many people at present have their eyes directed toward the "Land of the Afternoon."

A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

Having got through with politics, and having been favored with a good, soaking rain, the people of Los Angeles and of Southern California in general ought to pull themselves together and get ready to make a good start in what promises to be the most prosperous year that Los Angeles has ever seen.

There is every prospect that the season will be a good one for the farmers. The rain came just in time to soak the ground and enable the plows to go to work. A large amount of ground will be planted this year to barley, which is scarce, and is likely to sell at a good price by the time the next crop comes in, there being little left of last year's crop.

The horticulturists expect a good season. The orange-growers are well organized, and will have the benefit of the experience which they gathered last season, when the experiment was to a great extent a new one. Unless some unforeseen calamity should happen, the orange crop should be a very large one, the light-bearing of seedling trees being more than compensated by the increased crop of navels. In the line of deciduous fruit the outlook is also better than it has been for some time. The demand for our fruit in the Eastern market is improving, and the market for it is being constantly extended.

The hay rancher, upon whom his more aristocratic brethren of the orchard and vineyard have been inclined to look down, has had the laugh on his side during the past year. With hay selling in different parts of this section at from \$15 to \$20 a ton, there is little choice in the way of profit between an alfalfa patch and a bearing orange orchard. Indeed, if there is any advantage on either side, it is with the former, as the expense of marketing the crop is less.

The bee men have not done so well as they might have expected during the past year, owing to the lack of rain last season, but they are looking forward to make up for it in 1895.

As for the unfortunate sheep men, little of an encouraging nature can be said for them except that a Republican Congress is likely before long to undo the evil which has been done by the Democrats, and to give the wool men a chance to live. Meantime, there is still money to be made, as soon as feed is cheaper, in the raising of fine grades of mutton sheep in enclosed fields, and feeding them on alfalfa and other forage plants.

Thus we see that in almost every line of agricultural activity the outlook for the farmers of Southern California is a most encouraging one. When the farmers are prosperous in the country, the merchants and other residents of the city feel the effects at once, and so we may with reason look forward to good times in Los Angeles during the coming year, which will include all lines of business.

THE "THUNDERER."

A sketch of great interest about the London Times is printed in The Times today. It is in the nature of historical and personal reminiscences by the eminent author, lecturer and traveler, Rev. J. C. Fletcher, who writes entertainingly and instructively of the greatest newspaper in the world, "The Thunderer," and of three generations of the Walter family, its creators and perpetuators. Mr. Fletcher was himself a correspondent of the London Times, while he was residing in Brazil and writing his noted work on that country. What he says of the evolution of the steam-printing press, the courage and enterprise of the first John Walter, the mistaken attitude of The Times toward the United States during the War of the Rebellion, and the personality of the different editors and correspondents of the great English journal—all these are timely and interesting, especially in view of the death, last month, of one of the famous men of the Walter line.

A GREAT DEBATE.

The Times will publish tomorrow an important special contribution, in the nature of a debate, authoritatively reported, between eminent representatives of the Romish church and of the American Protective Association. The title of the paper or symposium will be:

ROME AND THE A.P.A. A Great Debate Opens, which Promises to be Famous—The Threatening Storm Breaks and the Hostile Hosts Engage in Forensic Combat—Strong and Eloquent Words, but Little Abuse on Either Side—Appeal to Public Judgment from the Oldest of Churches and the Newest of Societies—Rev. Bishop John J. Keane Opens for the Romanists, and President W. J. H. Traynor of the American Protective Association Replies on Behalf of that Organization—Cardinal Gibbons and President Burell-Field Respectively Indorse Their Leader's Statements.

The debate opens with fire and force, but with dignity and decency, and the champions of the respective sides maintain their positions with great earnestness and vigor.

This is the beginning of a strong debate upon a sensitive public question, which, now that the elections are over, can be treated more distinctly upon its merits than before. It is a debate that may prove to be an epoch-maker, and The Times will present both sides with the utmost impartiality—not, however, admitting local disputants into the arena at this time.

AMERICAN EXPLORATIONS IN THE OLD WORLD.

During the past few years Americans have been prominent in the works of exploration that have been undertaken in eastern countries. Americans may feel proud of the results of the latest exploration in this line, which some scientists believe to be the most important that has yet been undertaken. In fact, it is claimed that the results which have been obtained warrant the belief that the ancient civilization was at least a thousand years older than we have hitherto supposed. The explorations referred to are those of the ruins of Niffer, near ancient Babylon. Interesting accounts have been furnished recently to the State Department by our diplomatic representative near that point.

The explorations are being carried on by a body of American scientists, under the direction of the Babylonian Exploration Fund. In 1887 the work of excavating was begun, and it has since been carried on by Dr. Peters, who, with the help of Dr. Hilprich and from 150 to 250 Arabian workmen, has been able to obtain most encouraging results. Several tablets, brick, inscribed vases and cuneiform texts have been found, which in value are said to rival the results of Layard's exploration of Nineveh. The Turkish government having requested Dr. Hilprich to remain at the museum to make translations and arrangements of the tablets and other inscriptions dating back to 4000 B.C., the distinguished Assyrian scholar from the University of Pennsylvania has complied. In return for this service the Sultan has promised the university duplicates of all the tablets, sarcophagi and other relics which have been sent to the museum at Constantinople.

The greatest result of all, according to Minister Terrell, is the remarkable revelation that the human race is nearly ten centuries older than science had before proved. The inscriptions now being studied by Dr. Hilprich are peculiarly valuable in showing us the religion, government, habits of life, and, to a large extent, the customs of the men living at that remote period, four centuries before the Christian era. The 20,000 inscribed tablets of stone and clay that have been discovered reveal many facts that go to prove the fundamental sameness of humanity at all times. They tell of promises to pay debts, and record deeds, contracts and records of important public and private events. Minister Terrell saw one tablet which was practically a promise-interest-bearing note, as it agreed to return a sum of borrowed money, with an additional sum for its use, in shekels of the reign of Cambyse.

The report further states that about one hundred and fifty Hebrew, Mandic, Arabic and Assyrian bowls have been unearthed, which are more than those before possessed by all the museums of the world. It also adds that there are hundreds of seal cylinders and many silver and gold ornaments worn thousands of years ago by the inhabitants of the region between the Tigris and Euphrates. About one thousand vases of alabaster, of marble and other stone are among the discoveries, with votive offerings of lapis lazuli, magnesite and agate, and household ornaments of iron, bronze and clay. The Temple of Bel (the god of the people) is being dug around and laid bare. It is estimated that sixty volumes will be required to contain all the translations of tablets. The first print of Prof. Hilprich's work is embodied in his first published volume which has recently appeared, and which has been highly praised by eminent European scholars.

While Americans are thus earning laurels as explorers of the ancient history of the Old World, it is remarkable that the interesting relics which exist on the Western Hemisphere are so much neglected. In Arizona and New Mexico, throughout Old Mexico, especially in Yucatan, and in Central America there is a large amount of territory which is practically virgin as far as explorations of this description are concerned, and a systematic search would doubtless lead to the discovery of many interesting relics that would throw light on the earliest in-

habitants of this continent, whose existence is at present involved in such mystery. Why do not some of the large capitalists of this country fit out such an expedition? There are plenty of experts in this country who are fully capable of undertaking such work, as is proved by the success that has attended American explorers in Europe.

The New York Evening Post, in an article discussing the report of President Cleveland's Strike Commissioners, exposes the fallacy of the assumption that the railroad companies exceeded their charter rights by combining for self-defense. After showing that the assault made against the companies by the A.R.U. presented to them the alternative of resistance or ruin, the Post very aptly and pointedly says:

"It would be very strange if there were any rules of law which inhibited the exercise of the right of self-defense against a sudden and deadly attack of this kind. There is no such law. The rule which restricts corporations to powers expressly granted is stated in 'Beach on the Law of Railroads' (vol. 1, p. 29) in these words:

"The charters of corporations are to be strictly construed against the corporation and in favor of the public."

"Mr. Debe is not the public. The American Railway Union is not the public. The Chicago mob was not the public. The public was all the people of the United States who were not against the railroad laws. All of their interests were in favor of the regular movement of trains. When the railway managers combined, they combined in favor of the public and not against it. The highest representative of the people was President Cleveland, and his action which he took was in its interest. We think that he must be surprised and chagrined to find in this report that he has been aiding railroad companies in the usurpation of powers not granted to them."

An anti-revolutionary bill has been introduced in the German Parliament, and is likely to become a law. It provides severe penalties in the way of fines and imprisonment, for inciting to acts of violence, or for endangering the peace by publicly attacking religion, the monarchy, marriage, family or property, by insulting utterances. The Socialists, Liberals, and other factions will oppose the measure. The Berlin Vorwarts, a Socialist organ, says that the bill "is modeled on an act of the State of Illinois, under which the Anarchists were hanged in 1857." This is a singular and flagrant misapprehension. The Chicago Anarchists were hanged for the crime of murder, which was fixed upon them by incontrovertible evidence.

Judge Smith yesterday pronounced sentence of death upon John Craig, the triple murderer. As the irony of fate would have it, yesterday was the ninth anniversary of the marriage of Craig to Emily Hunter, one of the three victims of his murderous rage. If ever a death sentence was founded upon the bed-rock of justice, the sentence pronounced against John Craig by Judge Smith, yesterday, was so founded. His crimes were absolutely without palliating circumstances, and the sentence should be executed without the interference of mistaken clemency, and without unnecessary delay.

Even in the line of manufactures, California made greater progress during the decade from 1880 to 1890, as shown by the last census, than the average for the rest of the United States. The value of manufactured products in California in 1880 was \$110,218,973, while in 1890 the total had increased to \$213,408,993, an increase of 88 per cent, as compared with an average increase of 75 per cent. for the remainder of the country. It has not been the custom of California to boast of its manufactures, but these figures speak for themselves.

The Minneapolis authorities have done a very clever piece of detective work in running down the murderers of Miss Gine, and in securing from one of them a full confession of the infamous plot and its bloody consummation. Starting with scarcely a tangible clue, they patiently and quickly unraveled the tangled web of circumstantial evidence, until they were able with certainty to place their hands upon the culprits. "Murder" was especially on the trail who know their business.

And now it seems that the story about Claus Spreckels having purchased the China ranch was a pure fabrication, and that he drew the big \$1,500,000 on the Nevada Bank for the purpose of investing the money in government bonds of the late issue. As a general proposition, Spreckels is not given to the investment of large sums of money unless there is a firm clench somewhere in the transaction. The clench is all right in the government bond investment.

Reports of experiments thus far made with anti-toxine, the new diphtheria remedy, seem to indicate that it is a true specific for this dread disease. Some marvelous cures are reported by telegraph from different parts of the country. More extended practical use of the remedy will be necessary, however, to demonstrate its actual value as a curative agent.

The principal objection to the Kelly Funding Bill, as Representative McGuire points out, is that it extends for fifty years the domination of the Pacific roads over the traffic of the great West. This fact alone is enough to condemn the measure and should insure its defeat.

If the government must borrow money, why not make the loan a popular one, by issuing bonds in small denominations and making them accessible to small investors—say in denominations of \$20 and upward? The people at large would thus be enabled to de-

rive some benefit from the loan, instead of allowing a syndicate of wealthy bankers to skim off all the cream. Such a plan has been proposed, and should receive the serious attention of Congress at an early day.

The Iowa State Register pithily remarks that "there is many a man who affects to spurn newspapers who would never have become known beyond his own dooryard had it not been for the papers—and pity it is the newspapers do not leave some men in obscurity." There is, also, many a man serving time in the penitentiary who would never have been known to the public if the newspapers had not yanked him out of his obscurity—and his fancied security.

It is said that Boss McKane, the Gravesend, ballot-box stuffer, who is now serving a six-years' sentence in Sing Sing, is "a model convict." It will be remembered that McKane, before he was sent over the road, was a model Sunday-school teacher. His present good behavior should not be taken as an infallible token of repentance. He will bear watching.

Prof. Wilson is losing his temper. The events of November 6 rankle in his bosom. The more he thinks about them the more they rankle. He recently so far forgot himself as to refer to the American people as "asses." This remark was no doubt prompted by the fact that they kicked him so hard.

John Burns, the English labor agitator, finds considerable fault with Chicago, and says that that city has the dirtiest and worst-paved streets in the world. This is very likely true. But Chicago has some things which are a great deal worse than its streets, though Burns may not have noticed them.

Grover Cleveland is said to be worth from \$4,000,000 to \$6,000,000. Mr. Cleveland must have been very economical indeed to have saved so much out of a salary of \$50,000 per year for less than six years, supporting a family in the mean time and "setting 'em up for the boys" occasionally.

The recent bond-issue was a bonanza to Wall street, affording it an opportunity to invest \$50,000,000 of idle money at a good rate of interest. Wall street should be, and probably is, exceedingly grateful to Messrs. Cleveland and Carlisle for placing this golden harvest within its grasp.

The Atchison Globe expresses the opinion that if there had been an election in Sheol last November it would have gone Republican. This may be taken as a strong indication that the large numbers of Democrats who have gone to that great winter resort have repented and reformed.

There is considerable evidence that extensive election frauds were committed in San Francisco, but it does not seem probable that they can be exposed to an extent which will materially affect the result. We may as well make up our minds to have four years of Budd.

Among the immigrants who came to our shores last year there were forty thousand persons who could neither read nor write. These are the fellows that below the loudest and longest about "the rights of American labor" in every great strike.

Again the drain of gold from the treasury has begun, and the expenses of the government are still running ahead of its income. How long will it be before another bond issue will become necessary?

Prof. Drummond goes on record with the deliberate opinion that Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, is "the most truly great man living." Evidently, the professor has never heard of our own Jimmy Budd.

Gov. Altgeld is ill, and has gone to Hot Springs, Ark., for treatment. Gov. Altgeld's mind has been "disenched" for these many years. But his mental malady is of a kind which physic cannot cure.

A considerable revival of business is noticeable, since the elections have given assurance to the people that the reign of Democratic misrule will be of brief duration.

It is pretty hard on Cleveland that in addition to all his physical ills he has Congress on his hands again. Greatness sometimes hath its penalties.

Governor-elect Morton of New York has directed that the ceremonies at his inauguration shall be as simple as possible. Just like him.

Nature seems trying to make amends for her long withholding of our winter rains. How the heavy rainfall is tickling the soil!

Mr. Wilson declares that "there were no brains in the verdict." But there was an almighty lot of emphasis.

WOMAN PERSONALS.

Mrs. Emma Scott of Birmingham, Ala., has been elected Enrollment Clerk of the Alabama Senate.

The hospital at Soo Chow, China, has as its superintendent Dr. Annie Walter, a Mississippi woman.

Miss Ellen Terry is under treatment at Edinburgh for congestion of the vocal chords, and is temporarily off the stage.

Mrs. Frances B. Wallard says that good cooking is essential to human happiness, while bad cooking has driven thousands of men to drink.

Mrs. White of Ashland, Ky., who is 63 years of age, celebrated the election by giving birth to a son, who will be called William McKinley White.

Mrs. Bradley Martin has bought the diamond crown of Marie Antoinette and will thus become an object of envy to New York's fashionable world.

Mrs. Cleveland has decided that Watt's painting, "Love and Life" shall not be hung in the White House, but shall go to the Corcoran Art Gallery. That is seal-

ble. The painting was a nude, and, while a beautiful piece of art, is probably worth a given offense to a great many visitors to the White House who go there for other purposes than to see pictures.

Mrs. Vanderbilt showed her interest in the success of the Woman's Municipal League of New York by sending her check for \$10,000 toward the expense account.

Mrs. William S. Jones of Waverly, Ohio, has in her possession a gold-lined silk velvet coat worn by Lafayette on his last visit to America. It is profusely decorated.

Misses Judson and Lamson of wealthy Cleveland, O., families, the former the daughter of a judge, have joined the Salvation Army, and are living in the army barracks in that city.

Miss Florence Marryat, the novelist, and daughter of the famous Capt. Marryat, is to deliver a series of lectures in this country on "The Mistakes of Marriage," "The New Woman" and "Can the Dead Return?"

GASTRONOMIC SCRAPS.

Artificial bleaching of celery is said to spoil its taste and crispness.

As a rule, hotel or restaurant cranberry sauce is either glue or red ink.

As the season advances the export of our oysters to England notably increases.

Episcopal authority holds that grape, not currant, jelly should go with quail.

There is no rose without a thorn or boiling cabbage without a disagreeable odor.

An old episcopal question revived is: "How long can game be kept to be 'sagey'?"

Many believe the palatableness of venison entirely depends upon cooking and "stewing."

Men who have the biggest head wear the biggest hat, of course, but the largest turkey is never tenderer.

Scientists have not yet been able to reveal to a curious world what substance is used in hotel pumpkin pie.

Indications are that "colonial dishes," real and imaginary, will be fashionable throughout the winter season.

An orange before breakfast, according to high authority, is as good for the body as earnest prayer for the soul.

Old dishes under new names continue to be a specialty at fashionable restaurants where people are easily deceived.

Buckwheat cakes, sausages, waffles, muffins and other "food" features of the winter are now in gastronomic order.

There would not be so much cup-custard in the well regulated families if there was any other way to use handless cups.

About this time look out for the silly person who annually eats many quail within a given time to win a wager.

FLOATING FACTS.

The most quarrelsome creature in the world is the scorpion. Two placed in the same box will always sting each other until one of them succumbs.

Experiments in pigeon-flying, recently made on the Italian torpedo-boat Aquila show that the average rate of flight was almost exactly a mile a minute.

Dews are least abundant on islands and on ships in mid-ocean. Seamen nearing land can tell that fact by reason of the deposits of dew on the vessel.

The treasure of treasures in the new mosque at Tripoli, Syria, is a magnificent gold casket, in which are placed three hairs from the Prophet Mohammed's beard.

In 954 a drought began in Europe, lasting four years. The summers were intensely hot, and famine prevailed everywhere. Three million persons died of hunger.

The oil palm bids fair to revolutionize Central Africa, since its potatoes find greater profit in compelling their subjects to cultivate this tree for the sake of its oil than in selling them for slaves.

Placed at its end, in a continuous line, the streets of London would extend from the Mansion House across the entire continent of Europe and beyond the Ural Mountains into Asia.

In England and Wales there were 14,242 miles of railroad in 1892. In the United States there were about one hundred and seventy-two thousand miles of completed railroad at the end of the same year.

Life insurance experts contend that a woman who is in good health at the age of 45 is likely to outlive a man of the same age, because she is apt to be more temperate, and is less liable to accident.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FATTIST.

He came in all humility. To prove his great ability. And remove an awful burden From a tariff-ridden land. His sugar-coated speeches Still stick to us like leeches; He was the pride and glory Of the Democratic Band.

They hailed him as their savior, And for his good behavior Every single one of them Was willing to go bond. From ocean unto ocean There arose a great commotion; They elected him the captain Of the Democratic Band.

With shouts of acclamation They notified the nation, And spoke without restriction Of the glorious thing at hand. Some of the greatest thinkers, And all the tactful thinkers, Were proud to hail him leader Of the Democratic Band.

Now all these things have altered, Their wavering front has faltered. They stand around dejected and unmann'd; And before the next election They will take up a collection For the surviving member Of the Democratic Band.

(Chicago Tribune.)

SMILES.

"But I must not dwell," cheerful hummed the mosquito, flitting away from its victim's nose just as the slap came.

Traveler. How far will I have to get going to reach the "Tugues" Corrales? Roadside, boy. Twenty-five thousand miles. You've just gone past it.

(Philadelphia Times.) If there is a language of flowers, what does a six-inch across chrysanthemum say when it buttolies a man?

(Yonkers Statesman.) "Some women remind me of hens," said Crimmonbeak to a friend. "They never find anything today where they laid it yesterday."

(New York Weekly.) Friend, if you washerman charges by the piece, must be rather expensive for any one. Young housekeeper. Oh, no. She loses so many things that her bills are never high.

"It's awfully lonesome at home, Mr. Noddy. I thought I'd run over and see you a little while. Anything new?" "No, except that my wife has joined a new club. That's where she is now. You must mind, Mr. Noddy, if I keep right on washing the dishes!"

(New York Sun.) Amy (indignantly) You are just like the villain of a novel. Jack. Well, what ought I to be like the hero of a novel?

Amy. O, no! That would really be worse.

Republican elephant. What's the matter with your tail?

Democratic tiger (with unnecessary fierceness.) Nothing! It always hangs down that way. Mind your own business.

I wrote some sweet and tender lines, And there made bold to speak Of "that dear dimple-home of love— That nestle in May's cheek."

But oh! those wretched printer-men— Oh, woe! oh, woe is mine! In setting up the "dimple," went And changed the "d" to "p."

"ED."

Ed keeps a tavern up the road, And more than once to Ed I've owed The comfort of a decent bed— The only kind you get of Ed.

Ed isn't proud, but his hotel Is good enough for any swell; Three times a day you get a "square," And that's as well as monarchs fare.

Ed is too honest to be mean; His smile's the broadest ever seen; His good tobacco's on the shelf, And there you go and help yourself.

Ed's doing well, and that's enough; He doesn't fuss and swell and puff, But his tail is just to the breeze, That plays beneath the magic tree.

Ed's a philosopher, I guess; At any rate, there's no distress In sight of him; and every day He stores a lot of peace away.

Ed suits me well, I don't aspire To sit before a haggler fire; Than one that sparkles, warm and red, And makes you feel at home with Ed.

THE RAIN.

The rain has come; its thousand droppings Fall from dim clouds with patterning music sweet. And roots and grasses sleeping at my feet Feel its soft touch, and soon the wide, wide world's

Brown face will brighten into glory. Curls The small streamlet to its mossy banks. Rippling in gladness; shy and modest-eyed The wild-wind blows from among the trees. No more athirst their lips seem whispering thanks.

While I sit beneath their tents of sheltering leaves Spread their wings, and sometimes seem twittering "praise," and sometimes spreading from the lanes of the rain.

And often 'twixt the cloudbreaks the sun glims. His beams like some sweet smile kiss upon the brow of pain.

ELIZA A. OTIS.

December 8, 1894.



The brave, bold buccannery of Berkeley have covered young Campbell with paint, but have themselves acquired a daub of infamy that will not wash off for a long time.

The courageous twenty who tackled the Los Angeles boy, shaved his head and his eyebrows, stripped him to the buff and decorated him with color, have done a proud and manly thing, they probably think; but they haven't. Even if young Campbell had done all the things charged, none of which have been proven, he is far more of a gentleman than any one of the miserable cowards who assaulted him.

When the Eagle thinks of this case, so mean, so unmanly, so cowardly and so cruel, he grieves in the heart of him that the laws of California do not admit of the pillory and the whipping-post being resorted to as a punishment. Any boy who will take a hand at hazing is at heart a poltroon, a hoodlum and a dastard, and nothing would fit his case but a good, sound horse-whipping. Young Campbell made one big mistake. He should have taken a gun and used it. There is such a thing as a joke, but when twenty brawny, long-haired lubbers turn in to do up a cripple, it is high time for the shooting to commence.

The newly-elected Governor of California is bearing out the opinion of him expressed before election and since by the people who know him of old. When he saw young Campbell in Berkeley the other day, he is reported to have said to the outraged youth that he ought to have had his head cut off instead of his hair. As the newly-elected Governor, by a small margin, has not been heard to deny this remark, he probably made it, and quite likely is proud of it. But the Eagle people cannot help wondering what the decent people who voted for him now think of their candidate.

Isn't he a beauty? To think that the Governor of a great State like California should not only countenance such acts of infamy as this, but should add insult to injury by complaining that they weren't severe enough!

Here is where young Campbell made another mistake. He should have slapped the face of the newly-elected and swollen-headed Governor-elect of California, and asked him how he liked it.

In almost every school in the land, big and little, there are a few young cubs who have been favored by nature with a muscular development, but with craven hearts. While we have had it dinned into our ears for years that football playing makes young men brave and strong, and manly, such performances as the recent one at Berkeley, as well as the slugging and bone-breaking escapades that occur in nearly every game fought out on the gridiron field, are quite convincing that these same youths who impose upon their fellows who are inferior in brawn or in numbers, are the same cowardly cubs who came up out of the grammar schools or minor colleges. This is not saying that all football players are thugs and sluggers, but that the game has a tendency to blunt the feelings and brutalize young men, just as the prize ring has, is apparent on the face of things.

The State of California has been disgraced by the recent hazing episode at Berkeley, and the U.C. has been given a black eye that cannot be reduced by the application of beefsteaks or copious daubings of white wash. And Mr. Budd has exhibited himself along with the youngsters who assaulted young Campbell. He is a member of the alumni of that institution and if he is a specimen representative of the parents of California will probably conclude to send their boys to some other institution.

And the next day it rained—Also the day after that, Night. It poured, slobbered, drizzled, And deluged things Until the croakers Hadn't anywhere to lay Their heads, Nor scarcely a dry place To set their feet. It was a great and Glorious scrubbing of the Landscape, A washing out of the sky, A cleaning up of the gutters, A flushing of the sewers, Rain, rain, rain, so plentiful; You were so moist That you reeked—So wet And humid and all That you made The farmers jubilant Indeed you did! And let the Bullfrogs Croak in the valleys In a way that presages Spring-time, gentle Annie. The wild flowers are getting On a great big ready To bloom on The sea, And the meadow larks Are wetting the whistles of 'em That they may gurgle With glee, Rain, rain, beautiful rain—Take away wet rain, We wanted you badly, And lo! Not to say also high—You have Arrived!

Christmas is coming along directly. There are signs of the times all up and down the streets. Giggling girls glitter behind the plate glass panes and make little people's eyes stick out and their mouths water. The shops are a-blossom with druggs and red wagons and doll babies—large, fat, round-faced doll babies, with clothes on, and little undressed kids that have clothes—to get.

Christmas would be a joyful thing because it makes the streets look so gay, if for nothing else, but when one thinks of it—that behind every nick-nack and bauble there is a bit of happiness for somebody, it is simply great.

Glorious old Christmas that makes people do kindly, generous, lovable things! What a weary old world this would be without you! How you do unloosen the purse strings! How you do wonder in making people think of some one, if but for a day, besides themselves! But the Eagle wishes you warmly—

and prosperous-looking shoppers not to forget that "there are others"—other little fellows whom Santa Claus is likely to skip if you don't remind the old fellow. Think of the little fellows who will wake up Christmas morning with no red waxen sticking their tongues out of holy socks, and no fat doll babies sticking their sawdust-filled legs into the air out of little girls' stockings. Come, now, good people, you ought to let such a calamity as that happen in all Los Angeles. Ought you?

BOYLE HEIGHTS.

Faulty Work of the City Engineer's Office.

Residents of North St. Louis street are just now rather worked up over what they consider the faulty work of the City Engineer's office. The particular case which calls forth their criticism is in connection with Michigan avenue, recently graded. At the intersection of the two streets there is now a lake three feet and a half deep, and extending the full width of the street, and covering both sidewalks for a distance of 120 feet. The ground slopes toward the corner from four directions. The other houses after St. Louis street shall have been graded, the storm water which collects at this point can only be carried off by means of a cut five feet or more in depth, or by a subterranean conduit. As the grade is now established, even the property on the adjacent corners, with the exception of the northeastern, which rests in a deep ravine, or gulch, lies well from the level of the street, and no apparent reason exists for the construction of this artificial mud-hole at a prominent street corner.

There was a pleasant gathering at the Mt. Pleasant Hotel on Wednesday evening, held in honor of the third anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Stettin. The evening was devoted principally to the dancing, the games played being progressive "high five" and euchre. Supper was also served in the big dining-room, and the host and hostess of the occasion were obliged to respond to numerous and heartfelt toasts.

Among the late arrivals at the hotel may be noted D. Sweeney of San Francisco, who has taken apartments for a month, and who contemplates remaining in the city for that length of time at least, and perhaps longer.

HAVE ARRIVED.

EASTERN RACEHORSES REACH THIS CITY SAFELY.

Ed Geers Believes that Southern California Will be an Admirable Place to Winter Hamlin's Stable In.

The trainload of fast racehorses from the East arrived yesterday morning on schedule time at the Santa Fe depot, and before the day was ended, the blooded peers of the turf had been safely housed in warm stalls at Agricultural Park.

Mr. Salisbury will reach the city today to attend to the final arrangements regarding the races, which the District Association is preparing to announce. All of the noted trotters and pacers in the stables of Hamlin and Salisbury are to be seen on the Los Angeles track during the week commencing December 20, or possibly earlier. In the meantime, visitors can admire the points of the animals at leisure, if they choose to visit the park. It is expected that a large crowd will go out today to see the speedy favorites.

Ed Geers and Andy McDowell are in charge of the Hamlin stable, which will winter in the city. Mr. Geers is known to turfmen as "the Silent Man from Tennessee." He talks but little, but is very cautious and particular in his care of his employer's horses.

To a Times reporter last evening, he said that he was well satisfied with the Southern California as a place to winter the stable in, and was sure that the horses would be benefited by the change.

Pioneer Orange-growers' Association. The board of directors of the Pioneer Orange-growers' Association held a meeting at the Vernon schoolhouse on Friday evening, at which nearly the full membership of the board was present. An executive committee, of which H. R. Smith is chairman, was appointed, after which a general discussion on the matter of enlarging present packing-houses and procuring new ones on more convenient locations was engaged in. The quality and prices offered on picking and packing boxes were also fully discussed and the prices to be paid as well as the persons from whom to purchase, agreed upon. A previously adopted resolution, providing that no grower's crop should be shipped through the association unless he becomes a member before January 1, was reindorsed and a very encouraging report of the result of last year's work and resume of the bright prospects for the coming season, was given. It was announced that every grower who had shipped through the association last year was highly pleased with the results attained and that all satisfaction in Southern California are in a flourishing condition, none more so than the Pioneer, and that all were looking forward to an excellent and profitable season.

Literary Notes.

After five years of labor, with the help of 247 editors and the enormous expenditure of \$1,000,000, the Funk & Wagnall Company announce that the last part of the concluding volume of the new Standard Dictionary is now finished. The completed work will be ready for delivery in Los Angeles by the 15th of this month. The sales of the Standard Dictionary and the new Standard Dictionary are general agents, E. D. Bronson & Co., No. 130 South Spring street, have six tons of 12,000 pounds of the work, which will be delivered before Christmas.

FINE CORNER SOLD.

The real estate firm of Wesley Clark & E. P. Bryan report the following nice sales made during the past week: To A. P. Rambo, a lot on East Fifth street for \$1400; to George W. Bottoms, a lot on Grand avenue for \$3000; to M. T. Ryan, a lot on South Main street for \$2000; to R. H. Howell, the Seventh-street capitalist, the Bellevue Terrace property for \$29,350, and to J. S. Copeland, a capitalist, formerly of the northern part of the State, the corner of Eighth and Spring streets for \$20,000.

SPECIAL clearance sale of chenille portieres at the "City of London" Lace Curtain House, 211 South Broadway. We have over six hundred pairs in stock, and to close them out quickly have put such low prices on them that we are bound to sell the entire stock before Christmas. Now is the best chance you ever had to buy beautiful new goods for little money.

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WE HAVE increased our capacity for the manufacture of mirrors, and are now prepared to furnish anything in the looking-glass line at prices heretofore unknown. Remember that we guarantee the silvering of all our French-plated mirrors. Beveled plates of all descriptions made to order. H. Raphael & Co., No. 440 South Spring street.

MOTHERS! Be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething. The best of all.

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The week that lapsed last night brought us nothing in a theatrical way that demands more than passing notice. "The New Boy" is scarcely more than a funny and with a labored attempt at dramatic dignity and impudently neither original in motif nor surprisingly brilliant, as a reminiscence. Loud heralding has made it go further than has the play's own merits. Mr. Coote is amusing, for he is a clever fellow, but one swallow does not make a summer. The Merry Monarch, an actor can make a play. The other houses have gone along with the usual fair audiences, presenting the usual characteristic performances. But there is something ahead worth while talking about.

The engagement of Henderson's American Extravaganza Company in this city is an event of much importance in local theatricals. The attraction to be presented at the Los Angeles tomorrow night is "Aladdin, Jr.," the new burlesque which has five months' summer run in Chicago and has just concluded a strikingly successful engagement in St. Louis and Denver, en route to this city. "Aladdin, Jr." is the perfected result of years of experience in producing spectacles. The music is the work of W. H. Batchelder and Giorgio Jacobo of the London Alhambra, who composed the ballet music. The book is by J. Cheever Goodwin, author of "Evangelina" and "The Merry Monarch." "Wank," "The Oolah" and other works of like character. The libretto is pronounced funnier than any previous American extravaganza production. The scenery and all the scenic effects are from the designs of Frederick Dangelier, who has mounted most of Manager Henderson's productions and maintained by him and his assistants. There are four acts in "Aladdin, Jr.," and in each act from one to three complete and heavy effects of scenery. The first shows a grand and magnificent scene, which occupies the full length of the stage. The scene represents the morning of the "feast of lanterns." In the foreground is the laundry of Widow Bohes, Aladdin's mother, a picturesque teahouse stands opposite, while a little way back is a bridge over a canal. In the perspective may be seen the pagoda, temples and other prominent buildings of the Chinese capital.

Scene 1 of the second act shows a pretty moonlight landscape view, Echo Dell, with the exterior of the mystic cave, where the magician directs Aladdin to seek the wonderful lamp. The scene changes to the darkened interior of the cave, the portal of which is closed by the enraged magician on Aladdin's refusal to hand him the lamp, thus imprisoning the hero. He, in despair, rubs the ring the magician had given him, whereupon the genie, the slave of the ring, appears and place himself at Aladdin's orders. Aladdin determines to see some of the beauties of the under world before returning to his home, and the scene again changes to a sunlit garden, the "bubble cascade in the golden glen." This is a symphony in amber, silver and gold, showing the "revel of the silver storks." Four bridges cross the gurgling brook, the waters of which will be resplendent in prismatic colors. In this scene takes place the grand "amber ballet."



Allene Crater as the Princess.

The first scene in act 3 shows the interior of Widow Bohes' laundry, and the second the gardens of the Imperial palace. In the center of the background stands a pagoda, which, at the magic behest of the owner of the lamp, flies away on the back of the dragon. Act 4, scene 1, shows the magician's palace of ebony and gold on the Nile, in Egypt, the residence of the magician, who is remarkably like, Egyptian columns with fancy bases and caps lending massiveness to the picture. In this scene takes place the hilarious pageant of Ameer asar, after which Aladdin recaptures the stolen lamp, and there is another flying trip. "All back to China again." Then comes the transformation scene, for of course a spectacle without a transformation would be like "Hamlet" with the character of the melancholy Dane omitted.

With an entire change of programme at the Imperial this evening, added to the new members and new specialties by a number of clever artists who are entirely new to this city, an exceptionally strong bill is promised. The new members will include the Sansoni Sisters, better known as the Pencil Sisters. These two young ladies are gifted with powers of strength seldom possessed by any female athlete that has ever appeared before an audience.



May Devillou.

Ward and Martin will display their ability on the banjos. The Quigley Brothers will introduce a new specialty, while Miss Devallou will furnish several new and popular songs. Toner and Trolow will make their appearance in a comic burlesque

trapeze act. Russell and Ryder, the negro comedians, will furnish any amount of amusement in their comic specialties. There will be a matinee today at 2 o'clock. For the week of December 16th a number of new surprises are announced. This will be the shipment of artists, direct from New York city. Special attractions will be offered for the holiday weeks.

Tonight the Burbank will present the only twin stars, Willard and William Newell, in "The Corcoran Brothers," a play that is famous to all theater goers, the dual roles of Fabian and Louis del Franchi being a favorite one with great actors of the romantic school. It was last played here by Robert Mantell. Heretofore the brothers have been played by the same actor, in fact on account of their being the exact counterpart of each other it was impossible for it to be otherwise, but the Newells, both being comical twins and so closely resembling each other that it is almost impossible to distinguish them renders it possible for the roles to be played by two different players, and for the first time since the drama first saw the light in 1850 they will be represented by two different actors at the Burbank. They will be supported by the full force of Manager Cooper's stock company and the scenic and mechanical effects will be all that is requisite for a creditable production of this great romantic drama. Last Sunday Manager Cooper tried the experiment of a performance on that night. A packed house resulted and he has concluded to give Sunday evening performances indefinitely. "The Corcoran Brothers" will be given the entire week with a matinee on Saturday.

GOSSIP IN THE WINGS.

"The Gaiety Girl" is running into its third year in London.

Robert E. Graham and wife have joined the "Robin Hood" company.

George Thatchler has given up "About Gotham" and will return to negro minstrelsy.

"Mme. Sans-Gene" is said to have already netted Sardou the comfortable sum of \$150,000.

Mrs. Olga Netherole is studying "Frou-Frou" for early production. The end of February will appear in a new play by Henry Hamilton, called "Carmen."

The London Figaro states that Miss May Yoh's grandmother, a pure-bred North American Indian, her mother is a French Canadian and her father a Dutchman.

Robert Mantell is doing so well in his present repertory that Manager Pilon has decided not to produce his new romantic play this season. Mr. Mantell's tour is proving to be the most profitable that he has ever had.

Goldmark has set to music a German version of "The Cricket on the Hearth." As the libretto eliminates Caleb Plummer and compresses the poetry, pathos, and quality of Dickens' charming story into one act the work smacks of artistic desecration.

Frank Daniels has made a great success as Shalimar in "The Princess Bonnie." He is now so strongly looked upon as the coming man in comic opera that he receives an offer almost daily from some manager who wants him to head his own opera company.

Otis Skinner is to dedicate the new Lyceum Theater in Memphis, Tenn., Monday evening, with a performance of his new play, "The Girl of the Grammont," in which he is having very great success. Mr. Skinner's first tour as a star is much more profitable than he anticipated.

Charles Frohman has cleared over \$250,000 with "Charley's Aunt" in America. Some idea of the immense hit the famous farce has made here may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Frohman has now six "Charley's Aunt" companies playing in different parts of the United States and Canada.

"Bert Coote and his wife, Julie Kingsley, are playing under Mr. Frohman's management in the East. Mr. Coote is reported to have made a hit in "The New Boy," says the Chicago Inter-Ocean, but the people of Los Angeles are of the opinion that Mr. Coote is very much in evidence in the West.

Lovers of standard drama have a rare treat in store for them on December 10, when Miss Fanny Davenport will make the initial production of her new play, "Gismonda." The Paris press credit it with being the strongest dramatic production that has yet emanated from the pen of Sardou. The rehearsals are in daily progress, and Miss Davenport reports that the play promises better than anything she has ever undertaken to produce.

"The Pittsburgh Dispatch" takes issue with the press of New York in stating that Olga Netherole is not a genius. It says:

"In the name of goodness, what is genius? Let us see how Noah Webster defines it. 'Genius' is said to be a faculty, implying the possession of 'high and peculiar gifts of nature, impelling the mind to certain favorite kinds of mental effort and producing new combinations of ideas, imaginary, etc., or connected more or less with the exercise of imagination, and reaches its ends by an intuitive power.'

"According to this, Miss Netherole fulfills all the conditions required of a genius. Her Camille is not that of any other actress we know. It is full of new and great intelligence. It is a Camille that we can live without sacrificing our scruples. In this respect here is a greater Camille than that of Bernhardt. Underneath the most favorable aspects of the Frenchwoman's impersonation we can always see the claws of the tigers. We can sympathize with her at the end. But it is over her own misfortune. The lover's loss never enters into consideration. I have, in common with many, experienced the peculiar fascination of the weird Morris creation and admired the artistic Modjeska in the part, but never once felt the heart going out as it did to this woman and altogether lovable Lady of the Camilleas that Miss Netherole presents to us. It is a masterpiece that will be a beautiful tradition of the future."

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THEY WERE HELD.

Settles and Healey are in a Bad Box.

Both Were in Wilmington on the Night of the Hawkins Murder.

The Result of the Preliminary Examination Held Yesterday Before Justice Rosenkrans at Long Beach.

The quiet little town of Long Beach, which has become prominent as the scene of one of the most cold-blooded murders known in the criminal annals of Southern California, was all aflutter yesterday. The unusual event to which the excitement was due was the preliminary examination of William Settles and Lucien T. Healey, who are charged with having killed John Hawkins, the old Wilmington baker on the night of April 19 last.

Healey is already awaiting trial for being implicated in the murder of Camille Elkan, and now he has placed against him another charge, a conviction upon either of which may mean death on the gallows. After Healey and his fellow-partner in crime, Feeler, had been arrested, the officers discovered suspicious circumstances which led them to believe that William Settles and Healey had been concerned in the Wilmington murder. The arrest of Settles followed, and yesterday the preliminary examination was held. Both Healey and Settles are well known in Long Beach, both having relatives among the best families of the place residing there. Hence it is but little wonder that their fate should be a matter of great interest to the inhabitants of the classic seaside town.

The defendants were taken from the County Jail yesterday morning at 9 o'clock in time to catch the train for the beach. They were shackled together by the wrists at each arm and carefully guarded by a constable. The officer with the prisoners boarded the Long Beach train at Commercial street. J. Marion Brooks, who went down to represent the state, was one of the party. At the Arcade Depot Healey's wife, a slender little woman with a pathetic face, got on board and went into the smoking car to converse with her husband. There was nothing demonstrative about the meeting, and Mrs. Healey went back to her seat in the regular coach after speaking for a moment in a low tone of voice to her husband.

Settles was very cheerful, considering the gravity of his position. He entertained the passengers singing "Sweet Marie" and humming bars of "Modern" airs. Excepting the time that Healey conversed with his wife, he sat quietly beside his fellow-prisoner and talked to no one.

The general opinion is that Healey told the truth when he said that Feeler fired the fatal shot at Elkan, and that he would believe from the swiftness of the former's features, that he would deliberately kill a man. Not that he would consider such a crime too revolting, but that he would lack the determination or nerve to commit it. His character seems to be of the elastic sort, which lacks sufficient energy to back it up in any successful enterprise or deed requiring daring to carry it out.

The murder of old John Hawkins occurred at Wilmington last April. Hawkins was a baker, who had supplied the people of the town with bread for nearly twenty years. He lived a quiet, secluded existence in his little shop. One morning he was not seen about as usual, and an investigation being made his bruised and mutilated body was discovered in a rear room. A rag had been tied in his mouth and his hands were bound tightly behind his back. About the room were indications that a violent struggle had taken place. There were finger-marks on the old man's throat, left by the hands of the murderers, who had resorted to strangulation in order to effectually quiet their victim. Tracks of two men were found outside the building, but further than discovering these signs the officers were baffled on every clue. In a barn near by, however, a piece of the rope, which had been used in making the gag, was found, and it was learned that two tramps had been previously seen on the way in the building. Proof of this circumstance will be of considerable importance in the defense, when the case comes to trial.

At the examination of Settles and Healey yesterday it was shown that on the night of the murder Settles had been driven to Wilmington, where he met Healey, and that he returned to Long Beach after a stay of about one hour, that he had talked about getting money from the baker before the murder, and that he offered a friend \$5 after the deed was committed, which, he said, had belonged to Hawkins. No testimony was offered tending to connect Healey with the murder, save that of his having met Settles in Wilmington. Both of the men were held to answer, nevertheless.

When the train bearing the accused men reached Long Beach, a sister of Settles was waiting to meet her brother, and as the party alighted at the depot, she joined the crowd and went with the defendants to the courtroom, where the examination was soon taken up.

THE EXAMINATION BEGUN.

The defendants, in charge of Constable Spears, arrived at Long Beach shortly after 10 o'clock. They were taken directly to Justice Rosenkrans's court, where Dist. Atty. Dillon arrived a few moments later. At the outset J. Marion Brooks asked that the record show that George Denis and himself appeared for defendant Settles, and Lawson & Ardis for Healey, and that all witnesses be put under oath and excluded during the taking of testimony. This request was granted.

D. S. Inman was the first witness called. He was living on the 19th of April at Wilmington, he said. "I was deputy constable at that place. I was acquainted with John Hawkins, who was murdered there. On the morning of April 19, Mr. Martin, a neighbor, came to me and said that the baker had not been seen that day. I went to the bakery and upon looking in, saw the old man lying dead. A pane had been broken in the front window and the cash was unfastened. The old man had been gagged and bound with his hands behind him. When I discovered the body I took a blanket and threw it over the remains and left things just as I found them, telling people not to disturb articles about the place until the Sheriff arrived. The officers had ranked the bakery, and even candle tallow had been dropped on the old man's body. I don't know whether or not anything was carried away. He (Hawkins) had a good pistol, but I was unable to find it after the murder. I only found a three-cent piece in the way of money. The baker made a good deal of money and always saved it. I kept the house closed until the Coroner arrived. Inman also said that Hawkins had been struck on the head with some blunt instrument."

PRELIMINARY TESTIMONY.

G. H. Mathews, a barber of Wilmington, had been the foreman of the Coroner's jury which was in attendance at the inquest held on the body of the baker. "The necessary questions of Dist. Atty. Dillon, we found several wounds about the head of the deceased, indicating that great violence had been used. There were tracks of two different persons about the premises, one having evidently been with a shoe."

WHAT THE DRUGGIST SAW.

"I am a druggist, and have lived at Wilmington for thirty years," was the response A. Laubersheimer gave to the preliminary questions of Dist. Atty. Dillon. "We found several wounds about the head of the deceased, indicating that great violence had been used. There were tracks of two different persons about the premises, one having evidently been with a shoe."

very near mine. He never kept more than \$30 or \$40 about his place. Whenever he saved up more than this amount he sent it to his sister in England. When I heard that he had been murdered, I telegraphed to his son, who lives Denver."

WENT TO WILMINGTON.

Fred Fitch was the first witness to give direct testimony after the corpus delicti had been established. Fitch is a liveryman of Long Beach. "I saw William Settles on the night of April 19 at my stable. I had a conversation with him. He asked me for a rig. I told him that I had none to let him have. I thought that he had been drinking after a while he asked me to drive him if I wouldn't let him have a horse and buggy."

"Where did he want to go?" asked the District Attorney.

"He wanted to go to Wilmington," was the reply. Then the witness said: "I finally agreed to take him. I did drive him over to Wilmington. In front of Laubersheimer's store we stopped, and Settles got out. As he alighted a young man came up and said: 'Well, you're late. Settles replied: 'Better late than never,' and got out."

HEALEY WAS THERE.

"Did he address the young man by name?"

"Yes; he called him Healey. He told me to wait for him and the two went away. After while Settles came back and told me to drive as fast as I could for Long Beach. He didn't have much to say on the way back."

Fitch had a memorandum book in which he had entered the item of letting the rig on the night of April 19. Dist. Atty. Dillon wanted this book and the witness, to which there was a strenuous objection on the part of the defense. Justice Rosenkrans allowed the book to go in.

Brooks' attention was then directed to the witness' involvement a tedious series of cross-questions, which were anything but interesting to the crowd of spectators. At 12:35 o'clock recess of half an hour was taken for lunch.

The defense had tried hard to break down Fitch's testimony, for it was the only damaging evidence furnished up to the noon hour, by which it might be hoped to fix the Hawkins murder on the two defendants.

McPHERSON'S STORY.

Promptly at 1 o'clock the little courtroom was again filled almost to suffocation with the crowd of spectators, and the proceedings were again resumed.

Joe McPherson was another Long Beach resident. "I am a carpenter," he said, "and I know William Settles. L. F. Healey, I once had a conversation with Settles before the murder of Hawkins, about a week before. We were together, and Settles asked me if I wanted to make some money. He said: 'Well, Fred and I have got up a plot to get some of the old baker's money. I told him that I didn't want to have anything to do with it. Three or four days after the murder Settles asked me if I wanted a present. He offered me a \$5 gold piece. I said: 'Where did you get that?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'that is some of the old baker's money.' I told him that I didn't want it then."

On cross-examination witness said that he had been in the bakery business himself and had bought bread afterward of Hawkins. He had only told Boswell, the detective, about this transaction on the latter's urgent solicitation.

At the conclusion of McPherson's testimony J. Marion Brooks asked that the witness be ordered under arrest as an accessory, claiming that in the case of People vs. Sprague, (56 California), the Supreme Court had decided that such an order should be made in instances where witnesses had so testified.

Lengthy speeches were made by the several counsel, who were all more or less eloquent in their efforts.

The court refused to order the arrest of McPherson.

WHAT SETTLES SAID.

George Boswell was next called. He said: "I am 17 years old. I know Settles and Healey. Since I heard of the murder of old man Hawkins, about a week ago, Settles came to our house. He said that he knew all about the murder and that, if my father would come up town, he would tell him what he knew."

HE KNEW BUT LITTLE.

J. R. Boswell, father of the boy, and the detective who worked up the case, was next sworn. He said that he was a detective and offered a certificate to show that he was an officer. He then told the following story: "I know both of the defendants. Settles one day and had a conversation relating to the Hawkins murder with him. One night my boy came in and said that Settles was outside and wanted to see me. Settles said that he was afraid he would be implicated if he said anything about the murder, but that if I would promise to shield him he would tell what he knew. I told him I would and he then said that if I would come up to Los Angeles he would tell me the next day. I went up to the city and saw him, but he refused to say anything more about the murder."

The case for the people was rested here and a motion was made to dismiss the case, as the witness who appeared for Healey, stated to the court that he could see no reason for holding his client, as Healey had not been connected at all with the murder of Hawkins.

The motion was overruled and no testimony being introduced in defense, the defendants were ordered to answer without bail.

PEANUT TOPS FOR FORAGE.

A correspondent writing to the Country Gentleman says: Twenty-five or more years ago, moved by the complaint that there was no good milk-producing fodder in our Southern States, I called the attention, I think, of the Department of State, to the excellence of peanut vines as a fodder for cattle. I was then living in Southern China, and I there saw it used as the principal feed for fattening bullocks for beef, for the use of foreigners, and also for increasing the flow of milk from the cows of the water buffalo and zebu.

I think all the bullocks supplied to the P. & O. steamers were from Swatow, and that they were fattened entirely on peanut tops. I once kept Bombay or Surat goats for their milk. For a time I fed them entirely on dried peanut tops; the milk was excellent. I wondered at the time where the milk came from, since for some two months the goats were confined in a yard; and although water was given to them, I was never able to find that they drank one mouthful.

Before kerosene was imported so freely into China, I used peanut oil in my lamps. It was a clean oil and gave a good light—the only drawback being that it was so palatable as food that my servants would help themselves to it. I once used the peanut cake, from which the oil was extracted, as food for my pig, as recommended by the Chinese; but my pig was a failure from other causes, so I cannot say how valuable it may be. There being few domestic animals where I was, the principal use made of the peanut tops was as a green manure—they being pressed by the feet into the mud pie of the paddy fields, before the young rice plants were set out.

(Detroit Journal.) The way things are working now it will take about four months to exhaust the "revenue" from that new \$50,000,000 bond issue. Of course, the proceeds will go to replenish the gold reserve, but they will go to pay the current expenses just the same. Another bond issue before next June may be confidently expected.

A Scientific "Up to date" Cure. All Druggists at 50c.

A PAYING PROFESSION.

How Reduced Gentlemen Earn a Comfortable Living.

Someone told me yesterday that any number of clever-bred women were earning very respectable incomes by following the profession of dressing hair.

At first blush I could not believe it to be either lucrative or enduring as permanent employment, but investigation developed some interesting and valuable information on the subject. It appears that these peripatetic hair dressers secure the patronage of a restricted number of ladies, and work them for their clientele only. They form season engagements, and where a patron keeps her own personal maid, they visit her twice a week. The dresser's duties include shampooing the head, preserving the perfect condition of the hair. The work is neither tedious nor unrefining, and may be done at the patron's home or pay good prices for this luxury in the morning or late afternoon hours.

Some of these hair dressers have fully six hours of each day regularly engaged by their customers. They carry about a small case containing healthful tonics and fragrant washes. Of course, each lady keeps her individual changes roughened. The dresser spends an hour at each house charging \$1.50 for a visit. So a busy woman, therefore, who can put in thirty-six hours a week as able to command an income of \$5 a day, an eminently respectable revenue for any one to earn.

In discussing the details of her calling, one bright worker remarked that few people appreciated the imperative necessity of thoroughly brushing the hair at least twice a day—not mere surface passes which allow the bristles to travel over the head, but elbow grass judiciously applied, leaving a glowing scalp and each strand freed of dust and dandruff. There is no other tonic that changes roughened, unkempt hair into the desired burnished condition that bespeaks care and not crimping irons. A rigorous adherence to this rule is as necessary for health in the woman's hair as the curcomb on the horse's sides.

"Many of my friends," she continued, "employ me solely for that. I spend the whole hour scientifically brushing the hair. Taking as much care with the back of the neck as the 'bang.'"

Brushes are best when the pig bristles are very short. This leaves less length to gather the dust.

These hair-dressers never shampoo the hair over once in two months. If they do this is apt to prevent the accumulation of oil necessary. Ammonia and vasoline, as so many women use it, are injurious. The first assists the dust in clinging, and the latter scorches the hair eventually. Peroxide of hydrogen, if sparingly used, provides an additional brightness that is attractive on light hair.

IT COSTS LITTLE TO LEARN.

These hair-dressers tell me their work is the result only of experience. All in the trade of the hairdresser is to good tonics. Some take lessons in new fashions of building up the hair semi-annually. But of actual capital required there is none.

Whenever a new undergarment is called for a good bank account to start with advice as to its being followed is doubtful of general adoption; but, when a science and some skill are required, the qualifications it seems a wise thing to urge that women who are seeking work and giving their time to uncertain vocations, would do well to try this. There is little doubt that the experiment would be a success.

H. HALLMARK.

THE GUEST CHAMBER.

A Few Practical Hints as to its Fittings.

(From a Special Contributor.)

Do not keep the bed in the spare room "made up." It holds cold and dampness—is not neat—and neither is it healthy.

When a guest is to occupy it in cold weather, turn on the heat and open the windows at the same time for two hours at least, then shut the windows, and leave the heat on. If you have no furnace heat of any sort you will have a stove, as a matter of course. Follow the same rules with the heat that you have.

Do not put into your spare room all the things in the house that you don't care to see yourself—such as old pictures and the shabby ornaments. Keep it rather bare of decoration, except a heavy welcome which excels all that can be bought. Have a desk in the room if possible, and keep it supplied with paper and pens and ink. See that the ink is ink, and not close of black stuff. Leave a few postage stamps. Have a pretty little jar somewhere the room, and when your guest is to arrive put a few delicate fresh crackers into it. A guest is often faint for a month, at some unaccustomed time for the family visited, and may for want of that mouthful be made wretched. In the house of another it is not easy to ask for a "bite out of time."

If you have on your bed your very best spread of any kind that you dread to see soiled, keep in the closet a cover new or perfectly clean, such as you use for sweeping. Say, "if you like to lie down there is a rug or coverlet here on this shelf, to throw over you." That is if you have not a lounge. In either case keep somewhere in the room a blanket of some kind, to use when taking a nap.

See that the towels are always fresh. That you have a couple of wash cloths, and that a pitcher of warm water is set down at the door every morning, for it may be a necessity of existence.

If your visitor has a child that she is afraid will fall out of bed, and you have no crib to give her, do not make a barricade of chairs, but get your lapboard and push it down between the side of the bedstead and the mattress, and you will have a perfect protection against all rolling of the mattress. It is so very simple that one wonders that it has not been thought of in every household. Another use for lapboard is that when an invalid is taken to drive in any carriage—public or private—that has seats opposite to each other, that a perfect bed can be made by simply slipping the all-useful lapboard under one cushion of each opposite seat. Push up close to the sides of the carriage, put a pillow over the board and you have a bed.

If you want to keep your babies from kicking off the covers, pin them in on each side. Take a large size safety pin and pin through the blankets and the sheet to the mattress underneath. Leave enough "leeway" for the restless little feet, and yet not too much. Experience will tell you just how much and just how little to leave. It is highly dangerous for children of any age to throw off the bed clothing, and much bowel trouble is often the result. Then everybody wonders "how that child ever caught cold." Always have a candle and matches on the candlestick in your spare room for all sorts of occasions may arise when it will be needed.

KATHERINE FOOT.

Boys and Girls. Paine's Celery Compound will give vigor and strength to the children; by keeping the blood pure and the nerves and muscles strong. We sell it at 177-179 N. Spring St.

Union Iron Works, SAN FRANCISCO, Ship and Engine Builders, Electrical Machinery, Mining Machinery, Boilers, Tanks, Etc. The W. H. PERRY Lumber and Mfg. Co.'s LUMBER YARD AND PLANING MILL Commercial Street.

H. M. Sale & Son

Wholesale and Retail Druggists,

220 South Spring St.

Our big slash in prices has "CAUGHT ON," and our Goods are going with a rush. Our customers are pleased, not only with our prices, but because we give them what they call for without trying to substitute something else "just as good," on which more profit is made. That is our way of doing things. We never substitute, even though we may lose money.

OUR HUNYADI WATER is the genuine imported Hunyadi Janos and not a domestic counterfeit. Our Swans' Down is TETLOW'S, and not Allen's, that only costs 75 cents a dozen.

Our reduction in prices is a bona fide and voluntary reduction; not intended only to attract people to our store in order to substitute something just as good—Beware of such practice.

We have extended the cut into RUBBER GOODS, and now offer Fountain Syringes, 1 quart for 75c; 4 quart for \$1 that formerly brought \$1 to \$1.75. It is not a cheap and inferior line bought for the purpose, but the same high-class goods that we have always kept.

Hot Water Bottles are sold at 75c to \$1. Flannel Covered Water Bottles, 2 quart for \$1.10. How's that? We are the largest buyers of Rubber Goods in Southern California, but remember, we do not carry any inferior Bazaar "stuff." Only high-class goods grace our shelves, but we sell them at prices which defy competition.

Our Window Display of Celluloid Goods

Justifies our assertion that we have the only complete line in the city, and they are being sold, too, which is a pretty good indication of low prices.

We are now displaying Silver Goods, Cut Glass Bottles and Perfume Atomizers

In such quantities and at such prices that leave us without competitors. We repeat that our HOLIDAY STOCK is the largest and finest in the city, and again ask your inspection.

Watch for our Window display of Perfumes and Perfume Novelties.

ROSALEND is a go and is the sweetest of all perfumes.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap.....20c	Sorodent.....50c
Listerine (original).....75c	Fellow's Syrup.....\$1.00
Our Price.....\$1.00	Our Price.....70c
Vin Madiara.....10c	Tarrant's Aperiect.....70c
Allcock's Plaster.....10c	Carlsbad Salts.....70c
Hall's Catarrh Cure.....50c	Hood's Sarsaparilla.....65c
Castoria.....25c	Ayer's Sarsaparilla.....65c
Paine's Celery Compound.....25c	Cuticura Resolvent.....75c
Carter's Pills.....15c	Benson's Caprine Plasters.....15c
Scott's Emulsion.....50c	Vaseline, blue seal.....5c
Duffy's Malt Whisky.....50c	Stookum Hair Grower.....25c
Pozzoni Powder.....25c	Pond's Extract.....35c and 75c
La Blache.....20c	Constetter's Bitters.....75c
Syrup of Figs.....25c and 75c	Pierce's Favorite Prescription.....75c
Pear's Soap.....2 for 25c	Kennedy's Medical Discovery.....1.25
	Warner's Safe Cure.....80c
	Ely's Cream Balm.....35c

H. M. Sale & Son

220 SOUTH SPRING STREET.

IF IT'S CLAY IT'S O.K.

CLAY is one of the best known manufacturers of woollens in all England. The name has become a guarantee of excellence and reliability. There may be other products that are as good—but if it's Clay's you know it's all right. Here's an other chunk of evidence that in our store HIGH QUALITY and LOW PRICES are inseparably married. We are selling MEN'S SUITS in fine BLACK CLAY WORSTEDS—cut according to fashion's latest fancies—in Sacks and Frocks—trimmed like the best tailor made.

AT \$15

MEN'S FINE BLACK CLAY DIAGONAL OVERCOATS, For dress wear.....\$16.00 Men's Cheviot and Cassimere Suits, from \$6.50 to.....\$12.50 Fine Dress Suits, from \$16.50 to.....\$22.50 Boys' Stanley Suits (\$5 elsewhere).....\$3.50 We've enlarged our HAT department this season. Exclusive hatters' assortment—but NOT their prices. HOLIDAY GOODS NOW ON SALE.

BROWN BROS. MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, HATS AND FURNISHING GOODS, 249-251 SOUTH SPRING ST.

H. GERMAIN'S GREAT CUT-RATE DRUG STORE,

123 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

THAT MY LINE OF

Toilet Cases, Manicure Sets, Traveling Cases and Druggists Fancy and Toilet Articles

Is the largest, best assorted and most handsome in the city, and sold at the most reasonable prices is proven by the liberal patronage given me by an appreciative public. My trade is constantly on the increase, and as I started the CUT, so I shall continue. No more long prices.

Come to me for anything you want in the

DRUG LINE,

And be sure you will get only the very Purest Drugs and Best Goods for the lowest prices.

H. GERMAIN, The Original Cut-Rate Druggist.,

123 SOUTH SPRING ST.

New York Weekly Tribune

—AND—

LOS ANGELES SATURDAY TIMES

• AND WEEKLY MIRROR

One Year,

\$1.50.

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TIMES BUILDING, FIRST AND BROADWAY

\$5

\$5 A MONTH

For All Diseases, Medicine
Furnished Free.

IN ORDER TO PROVE THE

Superiority of His Treatment Over
All Others, Dr. Shores Will.To All Patients Who Apply This Month,
Treat Them Until Cured, for \$5 a Month and
Furnish All Necessary Medicines Free—This
Generous Offer Applies to Old as Well as
New Patients.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Dr. Shores is certainly a valued friend to suffering humanity, not only being the originator of his famous system of treatment that has brought health and happiness to thousands of homes, he now places his price at \$5 a month for all diseases, and furnishes all necessary medicine free.

Dr. Shores wants the public to understand why he makes such a generous offer.

There are so many cheap, spurious treatments now before the public that are entirely worthless, and so many people that have spent fortunes in a vain effort to regain their health, and to satisfactorily prove to the public the difference between true specialty service and that of imitation, Dr. Shores makes the above grand offer to treat all diseases and furnish all medicine until cured at the extremely low rate of \$5 a month.

Now let the matter be thoroughly understood. It does not mean that if you have catarrh, asthma and stomach trouble, \$5 a piece. It means if you have a dozen diseases, all you need to be treated until cured is \$5 for each month's treatment and all medicine furnished free. This applies to all.

old as well as new patients and all must apply before January 1, 1895; after that date the offer will positively be withdrawn.

Dr. Shores is the only specialist who advertises his credentials. He is not ashamed to publish his name and school of graduation. His diploma is regularly indorsed by the California State Medical Board, a copy of which can be seen at the Courthouse and at the offices of the Board of Health and his offices. He is a graduate of the Medical Department of the University of Louisville, Ky., one of the oldest and most reputable medical schools in the world. The doctor has special



DR. ANDREW J. SHORES.

Diplomas for proficiency in diseases of the Nose and Throat, as well as in Chronic Diseases. His diploma is regularly indorsed by the Medical Board of California. Dr. Shores comes to Los Angeles with the highest of recommendations, and his residence here will be filled with delight by many sufferers.

Dr. Shores is constantly brought into contact with many patients suffering from diseases of all the organs of the body from catarrh.

The nostrils filled with scabs and discharging sores.

The ears ulcerated and afflicted with roaring, buzzing, hissing noises, and the hearing either impaired or entirely destroyed. The sense of smell and taste impaired or lost. Patients, from

continued blowing, hawking and spitting and emitting foul odors, become objects of misery to themselves and loathing to their more healthy friends and associates.

How can sensible men and women be content to become a source of disgust to themselves and loathing to their associates?

It is the mission of Dr. Shores to prevent this suffering and misery. He is treating daily hundreds of such cases with the greatest success. His rate of treatment is only \$5 per month, all medicines included, and consultation, examination, advice and trial treatment is free.

DON'T DELAY. Beginning tomorrow (Monday) Dr. Shores' grand \$5 rate opens, and will continue every day in December. The lowest fee ever offered by a genuine Specialist in Southern California.

Dr. Shores' notable offer to treat all diseases until cured, and furnish all medicine free, to all patients who apply during this month gives every chronic sufferer in Los Angeles and vicinity an opportunity to make a personal test of his treatment.

As evidence of the wonderful curative powers of this new treatment, Dr. Shores has each week, through the columns of the daily papers, published statements from the representative citizens of Los Angeles who have been cured or greatly benefited.

He now places it in the power of every sufferer in this city and surrounding country to free themselves of any chronic trouble, at the low charge of \$5 a month, medicine included.

The offer, of course, includes all old patients as well as new ones. The offer is certainly a generous one, and Dr. Shores should be given great credit for the opportunity he is giving to wretched sufferers. Dr. Shores was never known to turn away a patient because they had no available funds to pay for treatment. It is one of the doctor's greatest pleasures in life to make the sufferers well and happy, and many a dollar has silently made

\$5 a month \$5
FOR ALL
DISEASES.

Medicines Free, to all who apply before January 1.

its way to some poor family from the purse of Dr. A. J. Shores. No patient should delay in accepting the offer, as the time is short, so kindly remember to apply before January 1.

MORE EVIDENCE.

"After suffering from the terrible effects of catarrh since a child, I wish to state to the public that under Dr. Shores' new treatment I have gained seven pounds. In the way of recommendation I cannot say too much in praise of this successful physician."

OFFICE HOURS EXTENDED.

On account of the large number of patients Dr. Shores has been compelled to extend his office hours from 9 to 12 morning, 2 to 5 afternoon and 7 to 8 evening.

DR. A. J. SHORES CO.,
SPECIALISTS

Rooms 4, 5 and 6,

Reddick Block,

CORNER FIRST AND BROADWAY.

PUT TO THE TEST.

A Chronic Case of Catarrh Readily Yields to Dr. Shores' New Treatment.

Among the many well-known people who indorse Dr. Shores' new treatment is Mr. William Horan, who has resided in California for forty-one years. Mr. Horan has reached his sixty-ninth year, yet he has the appearance of being much younger. In his interview with the writer he says: "Fifteen years of unrelieved suffering. Think of it, and Los Angeles the mecca of so-called specialists."

"For over a year I could not breathe through my nose. It was constantly stopped up, and certain doctors have advertised for years to cure it."

"My head ached, constant hawking and spitting, caused by the poisonous mucus dropping from the head into the throat."

"This had gradually ruined my stomach and I could not eat enough to give me proper strength to attend to my business."

"I was in a wretched condition. On hearing of the success of Dr. Shores I decided to go to him, and I am glad I did, for today I stand ready to declare to my friends and the public that he has made me a different person."

Mr. Horan resides at corner of Georgia Bell and Ninth streets. Go see him, talk with him, and he will tell you what Dr. Shores has done for him.

HERE THEY FAIL.

Misfit Specialists Cannot Imitate Dr. Shores' Wonderful Cures.

For seven years, says Mr. Boyd, I have suffered with Chronic Catarrh and Stomach Trouble. My nose was constantly stopped up, and terrible dropping into the throat, hawking and spitting, eyes weak and watery, the Catarrhal inflammation had so affected my ears that I could not hear even a loud conversation.

MR. JOHN BOYD.
No. 511 Ceres avenue, seven years deaf, after two weeks' treatment with Dr. Shores, he can hear a pin drop.

Friends advised me to consult Dr. Shores, and I did. His treatment was certainly different from any I had ever used. After two weeks under Dr. Shores' care, I will say to my friends and the public I can now hear a whisper.

You don't have to believe the printed statement, Mr. Boyd resides at No. 511 Ceres avenue. Go see him; ask him if it is true and cease experimenting with cure-all sharks and go to a physician who gives evidence of his skill.

FOR \$5 A MONTH

You Can Be Cured of
Catarrh,

Nervous Diseases, Asthma, Rheumatism, Bronchitis,

Lung Trouble and All Chronic Affections of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. All Medicines Furnished Free.

Dr. Shores' new system of treatment for catarrh consists of mild and soothing remedies. There is no harsh treatment, no cutting or burning, no cauterizing, no pain. The internal remedies permanently eradicate the disease from the system, and the local applications give prompt relief from the pain and dullness in the head, the oppressed and stuffy feeling in the nose, the dropping of mucus into the throat and from the deafness and buzzing in the ears. With the relief from the catarrhal symptoms, the general health is recovered, the stomach, liver and kidneys regain their vigor and the patient feels like a new being.

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT.

So confident is Dr. Shores that he can cure catarrh and chronic disease, even in its worst forms, that a cordial invitation is extended to all persons suffering from this disease, or from cough, asthma, or any lung trouble, to call at his office in the Reddick Block for a free examination and a free trial local treatment. He has all the appliances for throwing the medicated spray upon the diseased parts, and has not the slightest hesitancy in saying that relief will be immediate and the cure prompt and permanent.

A FEW WORDS

To Patients Living Out of Town.

The five-dollar rate applies to you as well as those living in the city. Dr. Shores personally attends to all correspondence, so you can have the same careful advice as those who visit the office; write at once for question circular, as time is precious, and December will soon pass away. Remember, in order to take advantage of Dr. Shores' low offer you must apply before the first of January.

\$5

No one need suffer now, Dr. Shores will treat all diseases till cured for \$5 a month medicine free.

\$5

Catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, nervous diseases, rheumatism, lung trouble and all chronic affections of the stomach, liver and kidneys cured for \$5, medicine free.

BOOKISH BAB.

She Likens Happy Books to
Aladdin's Lamp.Healthy Books Rub up the Bright-
ness and Make Us
Think."Tribby's" Mission—Books Robust,
Religious, Amusing, Namby-
Pamby and Immoral—
Gold Girdle.The Season's Complicated French Bod-
ices—Inviting Friends to Balls—When
Bab Would Really Like to "Kick"—Din-
ing as a Civilized Form of Entertain-
ment.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5, 1894.—(From Our Regular Correspondent.) People have commenced to talk and to write about how important it is to read disagreeable things. Of how useless are good novels, and how altogether desirable it is to count as of great worth those heavy articles and essays that really and truly tire one almost to death. There are too many good books in the world for anybody to submit to being bored by those that are stupid, and, after all, what good do they do? Nobody remembers that which is tiresome. Instead, we think of the weighty book with a feeling of heaviness that comes, not only to the brain, but absolutely affects the stomach. If people who have the dyspepsia would often read a good novel, the disease would be forgotten. For really a good novel is like Aladdin's lamp. It rubs up the brightness and makes one think just now the world at large ought to feel immensely indebted to the man who wrote "Tribby." In addition to the lovely story, there are those delightful pictures to look at, and they are so good, and tell so much, and make you so well acquainted with the people, that you feel like giving your very best bow and saying your very sweetest "thank you" for the hours of pleasure that have come to you.

JOY-GIVING BOOKS.

What a lot it must mean to have written a book like that! A book that makes joyous hours for people, takes them out of the worries of this life, and makes them appreciate goodness and kindness and brightness. It was a wise Englishman who said: "Never read a book that you don't like." The forcing your eyes to look at stupid pages, insisting upon your brain digesting tiresome sentences, only results in weariness, whereas, a good book, and by a good book I mean a book in which there is a good plot, in which the characters are well drawn, and in which the English language makes sin seem attractive, and a wicked life the most desirable. One has to learn about books, learn to divide them as men are, into sheep and goats, and to select from them the ones which will give the greatest pleasure and at the same time do the greatest good.

BOOKS AS COMPANIONS.

A happy book is a good book, for it makes you forget a little while the misery that is in the world, and forces you to appreciate the good. Generalizing,

I do not like religious books. They are too namby-pamby; but there are books which draw pictures of beautiful lives, and make goodness and sweetness and virtue seem at once the best of all things, and the most desirable to obtain. You like an amusing book? I do. I laugh, because it is absolutely funny; but I don't like a book in which the wit has a sting, and which makes a jest of what you or I or somebody else holds sacred. That is why I like Thackeray. Sometimes his pen was dipped in gall, but that is when he is showing up the meanness of humanity; when he wrote of goodness and patience and virtue and loving kindness, him pen went into rose-colored ink, and what he said was written in clear words, that he who read might understand.

Books make so much in the lives of people that it seems to me more thought ought to be given to those that come to live with us, and are our daily companions. If you are a bit snobbish, and a little lonely, you don't want to take up a book that tells of the petty spites, of the mean malice, and of the stinging and viciousness of the world; but you want to read about somebody who is cheery and bright and funny, and who will make you forget your own worries, and give all your thought to the glory and the love that you want to have. Dumas, or Dickens, or Thackeray, or Jerome, or Zangwill, or some of the clever women, like Mrs. Burton Harrison.

Who write dainty stories of life; these are the people whose books you want to read, and to be part of your existence. Mine is worn out to tell you one thing; if you are going to read much, you must conclude that there are a number of things of which you are ignorant, and you must be afraid to ask questions. Mine is worn out by constant references, and the fact that one of the dogs ate the back off, and still it is useful. Once you conclude that there are some things you don't know, and you will find that you are on the high road to extreme knowledge. But, goodness gracious! what a lot I have preached, and to be part of your existence. Mine is worn out by constant references, and the fact that one of the dogs ate the back off, and still it is useful. Once you conclude that there are some things you don't know, and you will find that you are on the high road to extreme knowledge. But, goodness gracious! what a lot I have preached, and to be part of your existence. 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Stoll & Thayer's Holiday Talk.

THIS WILL INTEREST YOU

Books

Books

Books

Books

Christmas is here once more, and with it the worry of finding something suitable for all the friends who will remember you, and whom you desire to remember. To make it easy for you we will tell you about a few of the handsome things you can find at our place.

In the first place there are Books, as you doubtless know, there are "Books and books." Some philosophers who probably had in mind the stock at Stoll & Thayer's, said: "When in doubt buy Books."

In fine holiday editions we have "Hypatia," "Prue and I," "The Rival"

"The Last Leaf" by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Among new books we mention "The Manxman," "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," "Across Asia on a Bicycle," "Love in Idleness," by Marion Crawford; "The Burial of the Guns," by Thomas Nelson Page; "The Californian," by John M. G. "Tribble," etc.

In addition to these we have the largest stock of standard and miscellaneous books in Southern California. In juveniles we have, as usual, a large and varied assortment, suitable for all ages, from the baby who is

just old enough to recognize a picture to children of larger growth. There is the new Browne Book "The Century Book for Young Americans," "Piccolo," Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new story; and the best of all is "Polly's Lion," a California story for children, by a California lady.

In Opera Glasses our stock is of the best quality, and our assortment includes pearl, aluminium, leather, etc., and our prices are the lowest. In Gold Pens our assortment is of the best quality, being the famous Mable Todd make.

In Fountain Pens we have the new self-inkers, which are the handiest and most reliable Fountain Pens in the market. Buy one for your friend, and he will never forget you.

In Calendars and Booklets our assortment is over the hills and far away the finest there is in the city. The variety is endless, and the prices range from nothing up. For your Eastern friends, to whom you never know what to send, we have a handsome, inexpensive Christmas Greeting, each with a scene from Southern California, giving them an idea of what our Christmas looks like.

In Games we have everything that is new, and our prices are "way down." We have a new cheap edition of the popular game "Across the Continent," which is one of the best things out, being educational as well as entertaining.

In Bibles, Prayer Books and Hymnals we have a large line of the famous Oxford editions, than which there is nothing better. Our prices on these goods are the lowest, quality considered, and we will stamp your or your friend's name in gold on them without extra charge.

best-selected as well as the largest stock in the city. It comprises Bill Books, Letter Books, Card Cases, Cigar Cases, Ladies' Purses, Pocket Books, Writing Desks, Music Rolls, etc., etc. In these goods we have the best value for the money you can get anywhere.

Our Mail-order Department is a feature, and those of our country customers who find it inconvenient to visit the city can have the correct things sent them by mail without the trouble of shopping or the expense of a trip to the city.



DON'T FORGET THE PLACE

Stoll & Thayer,

SPRING STREET, NEAR SECOND.
BRYSON BLOCK.

FAT-LINED CAPONS.

THE SWEET, TOOTH-SOME FOWL NOT TO BE HAD.

A Good Chance for Chicken-Raisers to Increase Their Revenues—But-ton Mushrooms and Their Amatory Properties.

In those merry days of old when, as we are told, Sir John Falstaff was successfully illustrating the truth of the statement that nature abhors a vacuum by getting himself outside of more gallons of sack than his puffy old paunch could well contain, a good, fat-lined capon sold for twopences. Mark that! for it is the point to be noted, a capon for twopences.

As Mistress Quickly, who provided and served the capon at this modest sum had other designs—chiefly of a matrimonial character—on the crafty old wine-bibber, thus catering to his gastronomic propensities, it is just possible the honest hostess of Eastcheap may have purposely errated in her reckoning, the better to ingratiate herself into the good graces of the portly knight. Yet this possibility must be dismissed in view of the fact that when it came to counting up the gallons of sack with which the capon was washed down not a gallon was omitted from the addition. So the capon at twopences must stand correctly charged, not a penny more nor less.

If capons could be served up in Los Angeles at twopence or the equivalent of that amount in U. S. gold coin, the present day what a demand for the rationable bird there would be. Such a monstrosity as a stringy, tough rooster would be a back number. There would not be anything of the gallinaceous breed that crows but what, with a due regard to the preservation of the species, would be arbitrarily deprived of the power of reproducing himself. This, they would tell us in their own vernacular, they did not regret. In the moment of their hasty flight from this to a fairer world they had found consolation and comfort in the thought that they had served an excellent purpose, had honorably graced a well-appointed dinner table and, in their succulent properties, contributed to the well-being and enjoyment of those other bipeds whose privilege it was to carve and savor the excellent flavor of their tender flesh.

One's mouth waters at the prospect. Unfortunately the matter ends there. It is a barbed feast. The imagination may picture the capon on the table, but the capon as a tangible and delicious substance is conspicuous by its absence.

Now there is no good reason for this. No good reason why the capon in all its delicious reality should not be there to make meat for all such as desired to partake of it. The sad fact is that there is not in the whole of the big city of Los Angeles, now or at any time, a capon to be had. The birds in their natural state are not wanting. Walk about the outskirts of the city you can see enough young roosters that if operated on would put to slightly after the saying of Henry the Fourth, a capon in every one's pot. The vast majority of these young roosters are wasting their sweetness on desert air. They cannot all be utilized for the purpose to which they were originally created. Nor can they all, after the custom of mankind, provide themselves with separate households, each one taking unto himself a young pullet-wife. With their bohemian inclinations marriage would prove a foul failure, for while the partner would be, like real women, all that was wisely and true, the head of the household would be constantly changing off in search of pasture new. No, that sort of thing would not work. There is, consequently, in cases like these, every reason why art should be introduced to improve on nature.

"Take the rooster in his natural state and artificially improve him into a capon." Such was the remark made to a Times reporter by a gentleman from New York, who had come from that city of sin and sorrow and bleak wintry winds, to find rest and comfort in the life-revealing properties of Los Angeles sunbeams.

Apart from this capon question he seemed perfectly contented. He had just been wrestling with a broiler of many years' standing, and he had tasted his teeth and patience. This explains his remark quoted above. He does not, he said, want any more broilers of "uncertain age," he wants his hereafter, if he can get it, in the form and quality of that which tickled old Jack Flagstaff's palate—a goodly-sized and nicely spitted capon.

Yes, there is great virtue in a nicely-browned capon. Read what Brillat-Savarin, that prince of gourmets, had to say about them in his celebrated work—now said to be out of print—"Physiologie du Gout." He hymns their praises in every measure, varied by glorias in highest strains. A properly cooked and rightly served capon is to him a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." He likens it to a choice painting, a work of art by a great master, with the difference that the capon, out that no matter how often the original is duplicated the duplicates are as valuable as was the original.

why he doesn't go and learn the trick, he will answer you he doesn't know where to go. The trouble is right enough there is any one in Los Angeles who knows how to caponize a fowl he ought to make himself known, and offer to give lessons in the art at so much a lesson. Every one who raises fowls for market should know how to make a capon. Then would our stomachs rejoice, our mouths give praise, and walling and gnashing of teeth over tough roosters would no more be heard in the land.

Here is another want that Los Angeles has not yet filled and which naturally presents itself as the concomitant of capon. Mushrooms. By mushrooms is meant, more particularly, the button mushrooms, which, strange to say, are nearly all, if not quite all, still imported from France. There is no reason why Los Angeles dealers should have to get them from France. They can be grown here just as well as in France. Any one who has a cellar can propagate them. There is nothing easier, nothing that would find a ready market, than button mushrooms. In France the day-laborer carries a basket of them to his home, and there he has his dish of mushrooms with his meat, because they are so cheap. Here one has to have at least six figures to his bank account before he can get them.

The trouble is, the restaurant proprietors say, no one will take the trouble to grow them, because they can't make a fortune out of them in six months. The mushroom, to some extent, is like the truffe. It is credited with possessing aphrodisiacal properties. The celebrated French gourmet before quoted says of them: "Il neudre les femmes plus tendres et les hommes plus aimables." He feared, of course, more particularly to those of his own nationality but it is likely that the possession of such tender and loving virtues as are here attributed to them would render it less acceptable to the senses of other races. And here might we apply the words of King Edward, as he lifted the garb of that Countess of doubtful virtue: "Honi soit qui mal y pense." In fact, it might not be going beyond the bounds of prudent assertion to say that did the consumption of that fungus vexatious enter more largely into the culinary economy of our homes, which let a nicely browned capon be added as a fitting centerpiece—that there would be a better understanding between husband and wife, meaning, in turn, happy households, ergo, less for divorce courts to do.

Here is a pretty ending to a charming subject: Capons and mushrooms; happy households; no divorce.

SNAP-SHOTS.

Some Quick and Strong Work of the Hand Camera.

SAN DIEGO, Dec. 6.—(Special Correspondence.) The hand camera has come to be almost as desirable an adjunct in the making of a newspaper as is the pen or pencil. Almost daily the Times correspondent finds use for the camera in collecting illustrations for newspaper articles. The subjects for the reporter's camera are as varied as are men, animals, birds and the hurly-burly of life which mixes them up under all sorts of conditions. Within ten days the Times man has photographed a Congressman, an 1800-pound grizzly bear, a half-breed squaw, who, by the way, was a beauty physically, with the dignity of carriage of a princess of the royal blood, and because the scribbles neglected to be the bucks before taking the snap shot, he narrowly escaped having his camera smashed by these indignant unpaid, red men. The squaw pretended she didn't like it. At heart she did like it, and her likeness will grace thousands of homes in consequence.

Cats, dogs, ships, mountain lions, seals, gulls, flying fish, sharks, 400-pound black bass, Chinamen, cowboys, surgical amputees, pretty girls, ugly old men and marching militiamen have been other reportorial camera subjects down this way of late. One of the most interesting pictures obtained was the flash of a heliograph. This photographing of reflected sunshine at short range was so successful as to not only show the flash both at a range of feet and also of one mile, that the details of the apparatus appear through the dazzling flash, as well as the portraits of the soldiers operating the heliograph.

An instance of the celebrity with which reportorial camera work is done occurred in Columbus, O., in 1887 or 1888. Maj. Warner was the newly-elected commander-in-chief of the G. A. R. The afternoon paper needed a cut of Maj. Warner's portrait. The editor had two hours in which to get the cut before going to press. The writer, then on duty for a New York paper, volunteered to get the picture. Maj. Warner was found at his hotel, induced to sit beside a parlor window and have his picture taken. In ninety minutes from that moment the photograph negative had been developed, a print made from it and an outline pen and ink picture made from this photograph. A second photograph was made of the artist's pen work the size desired in the cut wanted for the press. The film of this second negative was transferred to a zinc plate and the portrait of Maj. Warner etched thereon. This plate was "backed" by a block of wood and was ready for the press to start. Meanwhile the reporter had interviewed Maj. Warner, getting his history from the cradle to the moment of his conversation, while assistants were working on the photograph. Nearly a column of type about the major was ready for the press when the cut arrived, and in a short time the major's smiling face beamed from the page of the newspaper upon tens of thousands of eager readers. It was quick work. The camera did nobly. The paper had gone to press "on time."

A Big Transaction.

There is a great stir at present in the wine trade. Through the formation of the Wine Trust in the North and the Sweet-wine Trust in the South, prices are advancing from day to day and buyers are everywhere in the market, anticipating still further advances. One of the largest sales in sweet wines on record, was

consummated a few days ago. The entire vineyard of the estate of the late ex-Gov. John G. Bewney were sold to Goldschmidt Bros. of the Sunset Wine Company of this city, amounting to nearly 75,000 gallons of the celebrated Cucamonga port and cherries. A few smaller sales are also reported to the above firm.

MONUMENTAL IGNORANCE.

It Gets a Young Man into Serious Trouble.

A young man named Arthur E. Adams was arrested some time ago by Detective Bates, and a charge of larceny and attempting to "roll a drunk" were placed against him. But yesterday Detective Goodman got to questioning Adams, and developed a state of affairs that may lead to some complications.

It appears that Adams has lived in the State since November 27, 1893, and during the interval has voted twice in this city, once November 6 and once December 3. He was registered August 12, 1894, under Great Register number 51,284, and at the time he voted for State and county officials he had not resided in California long enough to entitle him to a vote. In the city election he voted in the Tenth Precinct, after having been in Los Angeles scarcely five days, during which time he had resided at the Poorman's Inn on Third street. Both these votes were in violation of the election law, and as Adams says he was requested to vote by persons who assured him he would be doing all right, it may be that the investigation Detective Goodman is working on will bring some of the "inside" work to light, as it is sometimes practiced about election times.

According to Adams' own statement his ignorance is amazing. He went into the election booth, and, being unable to read or write, instead of asking the aid legally

provided for in such cases, he took the marker and childishly stamped the "X" indiscriminately opposite the names on the ballot that first struck his fancy.

DIED ON THE TRAIN.

The Sad Death of an Eastern Excursionist.

A party of excursionists came in on the Santa Fe overland train yesterday morning, and with them was the body of Mrs. E. J. Meyers, who died near San Bernardino at 8 a. m. She was coming from Iowa, and was attended by various physicians en route, but their care had no apparent effect and she died as stated.

Coroner Cates held an inquest at Kregelo & Breese's undertaking establishment, and the cause of her death was ascertained. Dr. J. T. Stewart testified that he had made a post mortem examination and found that the woman had undoubtedly died of pneumonia, though he found evidence of pre-existing tuberculosis.

The husband and daughter were present and Mr. Meyers testified as to the several previous illnesses that had exhausted his wife's strength, and of her sickness en route. His wife was a native of Illinois, aged 60 years. He was deeply affected over her unfortunate death under such circumstances in a strange land. The jury found that the woman had died of pneumonia.

St. Bartholomew's Loan Bureau. (Harper's Weekly.) When the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, rector of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, started out to raise funds to lend money to the deserving poor, the burden of his plea was that credit and not charity was the demand of the hour. He knew that there were many in straitened circumstances who would

not know how to accept charity, and yet whose needs were most pressing. The fund of \$25,000 was raised in February last, and on the 12th day of that month the loan bureau was opened at the Parish House, No. 209 East Forty-second street. Applications for loans came upon the bureau like an avalanche. There were actually more of them in the first week than the bureau has been able to investigate up to the present time, and the average number per day since then has been not much below twenty.

For several weeks the output of the bureau was limited to \$500, but when Dr. Greer was satisfied that a large majority of the clients would pay promptly, the limit was gradually increased, until now it is \$1000, which is divided into from twenty to thirty loans per week, the number depending on whether the loans are small or large, and the limit never being exceeded. Loans as small as \$4 have been made, but the largest amount that can be secured by any client is \$50. These figures were settled upon to keep the business of the office within the boundaries proposed by Dr. Greer, the giving of prompt financial aid in a small way to deserving people who are momentarily embarrassed, and who have ample security in the way of household effects to mortgage for the amount borrowed.

Clients of the bureau represent almost all trades, crafts and professions—painters, authors, mechanics of all kinds, lawyers, merchants, actors, singers, etc., and many of them are looking for employment and work in their various lines. Artists and others engaged in work which is essentially a luxury, have been especially unfortunate during the hard times, and there are well-known portrait-painters, for example, who have received good prices for their services in good times, who will paint fine portraits now at figures which the clothing men would label "panic prices." The bureau would gladly give information to persons requiring the serv-

ices of any of these deserving people. It is impossible for the loan fund to accommodate all applicants, but its success thus far proves the principles which Dr. Greer advocates, viz., that it is safe, and may be made profitable to lend money to the deserving poor at fair rates of interest.

A Few Words on Manners.

(Harper's Young People.) Manner is a little hard to define. It is something to be felt, the expression of a person's life and thought. One girl has a bright and vivacious manner, and another is calm and dignified. One reminds you of the stars, another of fireworks. Grandmother's manner is gentle and tranquil; Cousin Bob's is impulsive and hurried; little Miss Finch has a manner both fussy and dignified, and Laura Belle has the manner of a queen. The rude and brusque young person makes her companions uncomfortable. The well-bred person makes those about her happy. No well-bred person has bad manners, though such a person may have a shy or awkward or reserved manner. The latter may be one's misfortune, the former is one's fault. I am glad that the girls are returning to the beautiful courtesy of bending the knee and the body, as well as the head; it is a much prettier and more graceful reverence than a mere bow. Nothing about manner in a young girl

is so bewitching as deference, the paying attention to one's people, and showing kindness to younger ones, and settling everybody at ease.

If you are in doubt about how to behave on any occasion, look at the people about you, and see what most of them do. The majority are generally right. There are one or two rules always to be observed. You speak to your hostess when you go to a reception or a party, and you wish her goodnight when you leave. At the table, you wait until the lady of the house is seated before you seat yourself. You thank every one who does you a service. You are careful not to interrupt conversation; you do not set older people right, even if you know that they are mistaken; you do not try to get the best place yourself, you endeavor to give that to your friend. In the street you do not attract observation by loud talking or laughter. If you are in a public conveyance, as a car or a ferry-boat, for instance, you yield your seat to the elderly lady or the old gentleman, or the tired mother with a child in her arms.

Alleged Chinese soup is a fad among Paris restaurants at present. Shark's fins are declared to be foundation of the soup.

The Indian word Chautauqua means "foggy place."

Burns. FOR MAN Bruises
MUSTANG LINIMENT
Rheumatism. AND BEAST. Stiff Joints

M. P. SNYDER,

Great Reduction Sale.

I have re-purchased, at about one-half its value the large and fine stock of shoes at No. 255 South Spring street, and for a short time will give the public the benefit of the following low prices:

LADIES' SHOES.

Ladies' fine Kid, Vienna and Paris toes	\$2.25
reduced to.....	\$3.00
Ladies' fine Kid, Vienna and Paris toes, hand-welted	\$3.00
reduced to.....	\$4.00
Ladies' extra fine Kid, E. P. Reed make, hand welts, all styles	\$4.00
reduced to.....	\$5.00
Ladies' Vici Kid, no better made, all styles, and beauties	\$5.00
reduced to.....	\$1.35
Ladies' Dongola Kid, patent tips	\$1.35
reduced to.....	\$1.00 to \$3.00
Ladies' Oxford, all kinds	\$1.00 to \$3.00
from.....	

CHILDREN'S BARGAINS.

Pebble grain, 8 to 12, extra quality	85c
reduced to.....	\$1.00
Pebble grain, 11½ to 3, extra quality	\$1.00
reduced to.....	\$1.50 to \$2.50
Boys' Calf, 2½ to 6, all grades and styles	\$1.50 to \$2.50
from.....	50c to \$1.25
Small sizes in children's	50c to \$1.25
from.....	

Sole agents for the "RED SCHOOL HOUSE" Shoes, the best in the world for the price.

We are sole agents for J. S. Nelson & Sons' shoes for boys and men.

See our Nelson \$3.00 Calf Shoes
See our Nelson \$5.00 Calf Shoes

See our Nelson \$4.00 Calf Shoes
See our Nelson \$6.00 Kangaroo Shoes.

These goods we warrant; if they do not give the best satisfaction we will refund or give a new pair. We are overstocked on some lines of men's shoes and will close them out from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per pair. Now is the time to buy your winter shoes. Do not miss this opportunity. These are bargains you never heard of before.

M. P. SNYDER, 255 South Spring St. near Third.



Courteous
attention.

Goods Deliv-
ered Free in
Pasadena.



Strictly
One Price.

Careful At-
tention to
Mail Orders.



NORTH SPRING STREET.
NEAR TEMPLE.

NORTH SPRING STREET.
NEAR TEMPLE.

Entrance to Toy Department from Main Floor or New High Street, opposite Courthouse.

THE leading attraction of our immense holiday display is the EXTENSIVE TOY DEPARTMENT which has made a rapid jump into public favor; the agreeable shopping facilities afforded by the spacious and sunny salesroom, together with the vast array of useful Xmas Novelties and the wonderfully LOW PRICES AT WHICH THEY ARE BEING SOLD is meeting with the keenest appreciation of our patrons. In our Cloak, Silk, Dress Goods, Lace and Handkerchief Depts. we are showing specials for our Christmas trade at prices that class them as really genuine bargains.

STORE OPEN EVENINGS.

Cloaks and Waists.

AT \$8.50 EACH.
48 Ladies' Fine English Broadcloth Military Capes, with double shoulder-capes, in a most tasteful variety of tan and drab shades, well made and beautifully finished, will be given for \$8.50 each.

AT \$9.50 EACH.
72 Ladies' Fine All-wool Black and Blue Cheviot Prince Albert Coats, flared, shaped, fashionably made, with wide revers, balloon sleeves and deep self facings, which will be sold for \$9.50 each.

AT \$12.50 EACH.
72 Ladies' Black Fur Astrakhan Military Capes, lined with fine Italian silk tulle, high Medici collar, full circular sweep and 32 inches deep, which will be sold for \$12.50 each.

AT \$17.50 EACH.
96 Ladies' Genuine Baltic Seal Military Capes, lined with fine Italian silk tulle, high Medici collar, full circular sweep and 32 inches deep, which will be sold for \$17.50 each.

AT \$6.00 EACH.
18 dozen Ladies' Fine Cheviot Blouse Waists, well made, with wide revers, full puffed sleeves, ruffled fronts and rolling collars, in a select variety of gray, navy, brown and garnet-striped effects, which will be sold at \$6.00 each.

AT \$1.00 EACH.
12 dozen of Ladies' Fine Cheviot Blouse Waists, well made, with wide revers, full puffed sleeves, ruffled fronts and rolling collars, in a select variety of gray, navy, brown and garnet-striped effects, which will be sold at \$1.00 each.

AT \$3.00 EACH.
10 dozen Ladies' Fine Silk Blouse Waists, in all sizes, handsomely made with balloon sleeves, shirred fronts, and standing collars, in a beautiful variety of navy blue, with white stripes, figures and polka dot designs, which will be sold for \$3.00 each.

Gloves.

AT 50c A PAIR.
200 dozen of the well-known Henrietta 5-hook Glove Kid Gloves, in all the prevailing shades of greens, tans, browns, aconit, and black, which will be placed on sale at 50c a pair.

AT 75c A PAIR.
144 dozen of Ladies' Superior Suede Glove Kid Gloves, of fine fit and finish, in black, dahlia, Vatican, Pivoine, Rismarck, Lincoln, Tourmaline, and all the new tans and russet shades, which will be sold at 75c a pair.

AT 75c A PAIR.
72 dozen of 8-button Suede Mousquetaire Gloves, in all the new shades of tan, drab, gazelle, mode and brown, which will be marked 75c a pair.

AT \$1.50 A PAIR.
96 dozen of the celebrated O.B. No. 1, or Systeme Jay, 4-button genuine Kid Gloves, of superior fit and durability, with patent thumb cut in one piece, in black, navy blue, Sultana, Biarritz, Lincoln, Silver, Porcelain, Tourmaline, Cigar, Gazelle, Fawn, Nankeen, white and a very full range of the other new shades, which will be sold at \$1.50 a pair.

BABY OUTFITS.

AT FROM \$1.00 TO \$3.00.
72 Children's Fine All-wool Eiderdown Coats, in all the prettiest shades of tan, drab, cream and gray, thoroughly lined throughout, and neatly trimmed with deep Angora fur, will be placed on sale at from \$1.00 to \$3.00 each.

AT FROM \$2.25 TO \$5.00 EACH.
60 Infants' Superior All-wool Cashmere Robes, in cream, tan and drab shades, with comfortable shoulder-capes, thoroughly lined throughout, and richly embroidered with silk, will be marked at from \$2.25 to \$5.00 each.

AT FROM 35c TO \$1.00 EACH.
18 dozen Children's Caps and Baby Bonnets in surah, and eplunge silks, wool cashmere and kilted silk, in white and a very full range of pretty colorings, which will be sold at from 35c to \$1.00 each.

Shopping Bags, Purses.

Umbrellas and Handbags, as Usual Christmas Gifts.

AT 15c TO \$1.50 EACH.
80 dozen Ladies' Purses, beautifully finished in all the latest designs and most approved clasps, in Russian leather, seal, kid, alligator and snake, which will be placed on sale at from 15c to \$1.50 each.

AT 35c TO \$5.00 EACH.
50 dozen Ladies' Shopping Bags and Chatelaines, in moire silk and all the new designs in South Sea seal and Morocco leather, beautifully mounted in oxidized metal and sterling silver, which will be marked at from 35c to \$5.00 each.

AT \$1.00 TO \$7.50.
24 dozen Ladies' Superior Gloria, surah and taffeta silk umbrellas, with Fox's flexible steel frames and tasteful natural and carved sticks, and oxidized handles, which will be sold at from \$1.00 to \$7.50 each.

AT \$1.00 TO \$5.00.
72 dozen Ladies' Carriage Parasols in black, taffeta, surah, moire, gros grain and Duchesse silks, silk lined, in both plain and ruffled, and trimmed designs, with Fox's steel frames and jointed-ebony handles, which will be sold at from \$1.00 to \$5.00 each.

AT 50c, 75c AND \$1.00 EACH.
72 dozen Children's Colored Satin and Taffeta Silk Parasols, in solid colors, polka dots and figured designs, with fine flexible steel frames and natural sticks, will be sold at respectively 50c, 75c and \$1.00 each.

Fur Trimmings, etc.

AT 20c TO \$4.50 A YARD.
85 pieces of the latest novelties and most fashionable designs in Astrakhan, Vandyke pelat, applique, Marabou, and both head and silk passementerie, in both black and all the new opalescent designs, which will be sold at from 20c to \$4.50 per yd.

AT 20c TO 75c.
75 pieces Fine Fur Trimmings (as just introduced for fall wear) they include both gray and black Coyote, brown wool and French seal, beaver, skunk, etc., which will be sold at respectively, 20c, 40c, 60c, and 75c per yard.

Toys, Xmas Novelties.

AT FROM 10c TO \$5.00 EACH.
1500 Dolls of every kind and complexion, in wood, wax and composition. Little maids from school, and mechanical dolls as large as life and twice as natural, which will be sold at from 10c to \$5.00 each.

AT FROM 5c TO \$1.00 EACH.
17 cases of Dolls' Household Furniture, including bureaus, folding-beds, pianos, parlor and drawing-room sets, stores, cooking and kitchen utensils, which will be sold at from 5c to \$1.00 each.

AT FROM 5c TO 95c EACH.
10,000 Picture Books, Nursery Rhymes, Tales of Travels and Adventures by flood and field, Fiction, Poetry, History and Science, books for the "Grave and Gay," the wise and otherwise, which will be sold at from 5c to 95c each.

AT FROM 10c TO \$1.00 EACH.
500 Metallic Cash Boxes, in plain, ornamental and "trick" designs, nickel-plated, fire-proof safes, with burglar-proof combination locks, which will be sold at from 10c to \$1.00 each.

AT FROM 10c TO \$2.50 EACH.
9 cases of Gift, Nickel and Plated Silverware, of every conceivable, useful and ornamental kind, including match safes, jewel cases, cigar-cases, pen-cases, pin boxes, collars and cuff boxes, and many others, etc., which will be sold at from 10c to \$2.50 each.

AT FROM 5c TO 50c EACH.
12 cases of Boys' Military Equipments, including Guns, Bayonets, Swords, Drums, Bugles and Musical Instruments of every description, which will be sold from 5c to 50c each.

AT FROM 25c TO \$5.00 EACH.
10 cases of Musical and Mechanical Toys and Machines, including Mr. Lauder's and Stereoscopic Outfits, Horses, Wagons, Locomotives, Fire-engines, Ferris Wheels, etc., which will be sold at from 25c to \$5.00 each.

Handkerchiefs for the Little Ones.

100 dozen of Children's Colored-bordered Handkerchiefs, three in a fancy box, will be offered during the Holiday Season at \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$2.00 a box.

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Ladies' Hdkfs.

Last year there were 18,000,000 (eighteen million) dozen Handkerchiefs sold in the United States. This month we will sell 2000 dozen purchased by our New York buyer Special for our Holiday Trade, and will offer them at a very small percentage over the manufacturers' price.

Ladies will profit by examining our magnificent stock, as it is without exception the finest display of Ladies' Hdkfs west of Chicago.

REAL LACE HANDKERCHIEFS.
10 dozen of Duchesse Brussels Valenciennes, applique, and Alencon Lace Handkerchiefs, beautiful patterns and large assortment, will be offered at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.50, \$7.50, up to \$35.00 each.

LADIES' SWISS EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS.
600 dozen of Ladies' Swiss Swiss Embroidered Scallop-edged Handkerchiefs, beautiful styles, all new patterns, will be offered during the Holiday Season at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.50, \$7.50, up to \$35.00 each.

LADIES' PURE LINEN EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS.
200 dozen of Ladies' Pure Linen Embroidered-edge Handkerchiefs, in an elegant selection of beautiful designs, will be offered during the Holiday Season at \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.50, \$7.50, up to \$35.00 each.

LADIES' PURE LINEN INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS.
500 dozen of Ladies' Pure Linen Hem-stitched Hand-embroidered Initial Handkerchiefs, all letters in fancy boxes of half-dozen each, will be sold during the Holiday Season at \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$2.00 a box.

LADIES' SILK HEM-STITCHED INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS.
300 dozen of Ladies' Silk Hem-stitched Initial Handkerchiefs, 13 to 15 inches square, will be offered during the Holiday Season at 15c and 25c each.

HANDKERCHIEFS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.
100 dozen of Children's Colored-bordered Handkerchiefs, three in a fancy box, will be offered during the Holiday Season at \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$2.00 a box.

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Blk and Colored Silks.

AT 75c A YARD.
21 pieces of 21-inch Black Faille Francaise, guaranteed all pure silk, in a beautifully soft, mellow, texture and fast, brilliant jet dye, which will be sold at 75c a yard.

AT 75c A YARD.
17 pieces of 20-inch Black Brocade Satin, all fine silk, and a superior finish, in a most beautifully artistic variety of floral designs, which will be offered at 75c a yard.

AT \$1.00 A YARD.
36 pieces of most superior Black Satin Duchesse, all finest silk and 24 inches wide, in a beautifully soft, mellow texture and lustrous jet dye, which will be marked \$1.00 a yard.

COLORED SILKS.
AT 25c A YARD.
75 pieces of Colored India Silks, full 20 inches wide, of a beautifully fine texture, in an immense variety of pretty evening shades, which will be sold at 25c a yard.

AT 35c A YARD.
104 pieces of beautifully fine China Silk of good quality and nice finish, 22 inches wide, in a variety of colors, shades, and patterns, including the latest designs, which will be marked 35c a yard.

AT 75c A YARD.
72 pieces of Superfine Colored Taffetas, 20 inches wide, and all pure silk, in a distinctively choice variety of opalescent stripes, figured and floral designs, which will be placed on sale at 75c a yard.

AT \$2.50 A YARD.
24 pieces of 22-inch Cream Satin Merveilleux, of fine, heavy mellow texture, in an exquisitely beautiful range of floral designs, embossed in colors, and colored brocade Merveilleux, with alternate gros grain stripes, which will be placed on sale at \$2.50 a yard.

AT \$2.50 A YARD.
24 pieces of 22-inch Cream Satin Merveilleux, of fine, heavy mellow texture, in an exquisitely beautiful range of floral designs, embossed in colors, and colored brocade Merveilleux, with alternate gros grain stripes, which will be placed on sale at \$2.50 a yard.

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Dress Fabrics.

AT 25c A YARD.
144 pieces of Wool Dress Goods of medium weight and finish, and a full yard wide, in an immense range of the new opaline designs, which will be marked at 25c a yard.

AT 35c A YARD.
82 pieces of 36 inches Superior Navy Blue Storm Serge, all pure wool, excellent body, durability and color, which will be given for 35c a yard.

AT 50c A YARD.
180 pieces of all wool Chevron Suitings, 40 inches wide (just introduced for fall wear) in a perfectly beautiful range of melange designs, which will be sold at 50c a yard.

AT 65c A YARD.
36 pieces of Navy Blue English Storm Serge, guaranteed all pure wool, fine finish, good weight and full 52 inches wide, which will be sold for 65c a yard.

AT 75c A YARD.
28 pieces of fine Broadcloth Tailor Suitings, all fine wool, and full 52 inches wide, in a most tasteful variety of colored pinhead checks and stripes, which will be marked 75c a yard.

AT \$1.00 A YARD.
46 pieces of 48-inch Silk and Wool Parisian Novelty Suitings, in a most tastefully selected variety of the choicest rich colors and colored silk, shot designs, which will be sold at \$1.00 a yard.

FROM \$6.50 TO \$14.50.
250 superfine Worsted and Silk and Wool Imported Dress Patterns, in the most exclusively "recherche" designs ever produced at these prices. They include serpentine, boucle, silk shot and broche weaves, in all the new opalescent and melange colorings, which will be sold at \$6.50, \$8.75, \$10.00, \$10.50, \$12.25, \$12.50 and \$14.50 the pattern.

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CONRAD IMPROVING.

The World-be Suicide Will Probably Recover.

His Wife Greatly Annoyed Over the Numerous Sensational Reports.

She Knew Nothing of Her Husband Drinking or Gambling—The Cause of All His Troubles.

So many rumors have been noised about in regard to the identity of Conrad, the would-be suicide, that a Times reporter obtained an interview with the man's wife with a view of obtaining a correct statement in the matter.

Mr. Conrad is a quiet little woman of easy, pleasant manner, and she told her story in a way that carried conviction with it.

She was very much grieved and embarrassed over an alleged "interview" in an evening paper, connecting her husband with the notorious Graves murder

XI YEAR.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9, 1894.

PER WEEK 35c FIVE CENTS

JAPANESE PRISONS.

The Great One at Tokyo and its 2300 Convicts.

Something About the Police of Japan and its Wonderful Detective System.

A Visit to the Prisons—How the Convicts are Fed and an Experience with Horse Meat.

Their Wonderful Workmanship, and Something about the Cheapest Labor of the World—All Things Done by Hand—Prison Discipline, and How Two Thousand Men got Down on their Knees to Our Correspondent—Punishments—Something about the New Penitentiary which is Now Being Built.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

The biggest prison in Japan, and one of the biggest in the world, is the great Tokyo penitentiary. It is situated in the heart of the city in the middle of the Sumida River, on an island of about twenty acres. It is within a stone's throw almost of the business part of the great Japanese capital. Near by is Asakusa, with its gorgeous temples, its hundreds of peep-shows, and its ever-varying panorama of Japanese pleasures. Not far off is the famous Yoshiwara, with its thirty-five hundred frail but fair Japanese maidens, and just below it is Skull, where the missionaries and the foreigners live. This prison is separated from all the hum of life only by the wide waters of the deep Sumida River, and the only human voices that these prisoners hear are those of their officials. They dare not use their own, and year in and year out they stand, Titianus like, in the very midst of all that the Japanese loves, with the waves of pleasure almost lapping their lips, but unable to drink of the waters.

It is not an easy thing for a visitor to get access to a Japanese prison. As for the criminal, he finds the way just as open in Japan as in America, but the visitor must have the best credentials and only the fewest of travelers have even gone through this great penitentiary. I had let-



How they drive piles in Japan.

ters, however, from the secret service bureau of the Treasury Department to the Chief of Police of Tokyo, and these, with the assistance of the American Minister, opened everything connected with the police and prisons of the Japanese empire to me.

THE INSPECTOR BYRNES OF JAPAN.

Dr. Whitney, the interpreter of our legation, went with me, and we called upon the Inspector Byrnes of Japan. His name is Mr. Supatto, and he has charge of the five thousand policemen of the Japanese capital, and a close connection with the detective service of the Empire. The Emperor of Japan knows almost as well as the Czar where every one of his subjects sleeps at night, and all suspected persons are carefully watched. Both foreigners and natives are required to have passports, and during the present trouble with China I venture a record is kept of every foreigner who comes to Japan and all of his doings. The passport which I had for my journey mentioned every place where I stopped, and I was told that all of my doings were known and recorded. I was taken into some of the rooms of the police stations, and shown cards, upon which were the names of the foreigners then in Japan, and it was almost impossible for a native to escape the Argus eyes of the police. Tokyo has its rogues' gallery, and I looked for some time over the murderers' book and took away a souvenir of a half dozen specimens. I would say, however, that crime is by no means more common in Japan than it is in America, and that the police would only give me the photographs of prisoners who had been executed. The police organization is excellent, and it is modeled somewhat after that of France. The officers all dress in European clothes, and they tie their prisoners with ropes and drive or drag them to jail.

Well, the chief of police telephoned to the prison, and made an appointment for us for the next day. We rode in jinrikishas to the wharves opposite the island, and we were carried over this prisoners' sty in one of the prison boats by a red-gowned Japanese in a yellow straw hat, which fitted down over his face like a cornucopia, and were landed on the green

shores of a beautiful island. As we got out of the boats a soldier dressed in white duck met us, and passed us on to the reception house of the prison. The chief of the penitentiary took us in hand, and his private secretary, a man with a face like a withered apple and eyes like a snake, went with us. This man had a roll of paper and a pencil in his hand, and he usually stood just behind me. Once or twice I turned quickly, and I noted that every word I said was taken down in Japanese as soon as my interpreter had translated my questions. He probably took down the answers of the superintendent, and as I shall send this letter to the penitentiary, they will probably be able to tell whether my statements are correct.

IN THE PRISONS.

This penitentiary contains 2300 prisoners.

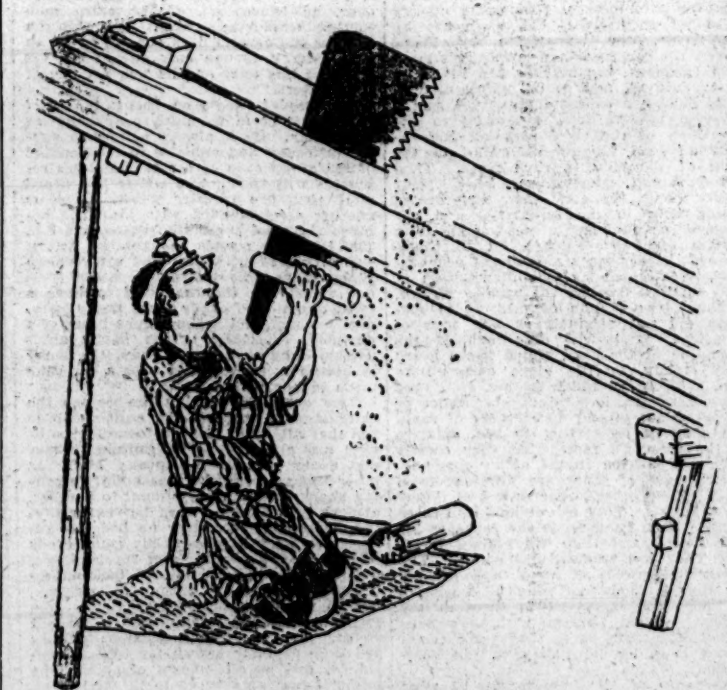


Japanese carpenter.

who are engaged in all sorts of labor, and who form a complete exhibition of industrial Japan. The buildings are long, one-story structures, more like stables and factories than prisons. They cover many acres, and they are made of wood, with roofs of Japanese tiles. They have no windows, but the upper part of the walls are made of heavy lattice or wooden bars, and there is no lack of ventilation. From the ground to your shoulder the walls are boarded, and above these are latticed openings about four feet wide, and higher still are more boards between the lattice and the roof. Some of the buildings are shops and others are dormitories, bathrooms, kitchens, and a few contained cells for punishment. The work shops are about two hundred feet long by one hundred feet wide. Many of them are floored, but in some the workmen stand upon the ground.

A LOOK AT THE KITCHENS.

We first entered the kitchen, where the cooks were dishing out the food for the prisoners. It consisted of rice and barley, mixed together and forming a sort of dry mush. There were also little dishes of pickled turnips and a stew of horse meat and potatoes. The food was served out in wooden measures, each prisoner getting about a pint of mush, a tablespoonful of pickles and a measure of soup or stew. I tried everything while the superintendent



A Japanese sawmill.

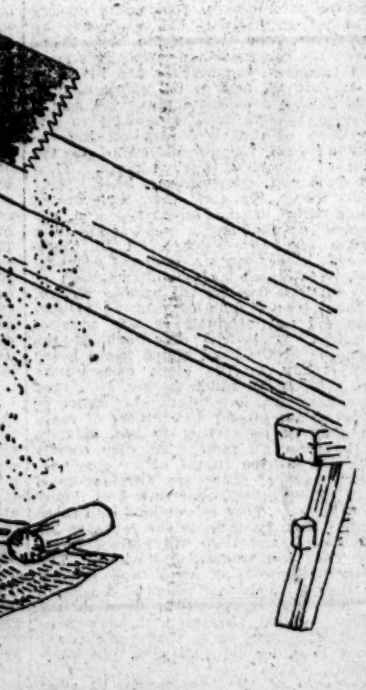
and the prisoners looked on and watched me. The mush was not bad, and I ate a mouthful without trouble. The pickles I nibbled at successfully, and then tried a section of the horse meat stew. With the indiscretion of ignorance, I picked up, with my chopsticks a piece of horse meat as big as your thumb and put it into my mouth. The moment it touched my tongue I knew I had made a mistake. It was not at all appetizing, and it was as tough as sole leather. It must have come from a very old horse and a very lean horse. I could make no impression. The eyes of all the officials were on me, and I had to go on chewing as though I liked it. After much work I got off a bit and forced it down with a gulp. I felt my stomach turn boldly over, and was glad at this moment to see the chief's back turned. With a slight of

hand which would have done credit to Hermann I got the remainder of the meat out of my mouth, and held it tight up in my hand until we left the kitchen, when I stily threw it away. Young horse may be good, but this was not good to me, and I was told that this meat is given to the prisoners because it is cheaper than any other, and they eat the horse more of it. The prisoners are said to like it.

HOW THE PRISONERS ARE FED.

The prisoners have three meals a day, and there is a difference in the food according to their behavior. Those who do best have their mush made of half barley and half rice. Those who are not so good have two-thirds barley, and only the sick are given pure rice. There is no bread in Japan, and this mush takes its place. The Japanese are not as great eaters as we

are, and the whole Japanese people could live fairly well on what America wastes. The prisoners rise a little after 5 o'clock, and they have their breakfast before 8. At 12 they eat their dinner, and at 5:30 they have supper. They work ten hours and a half, and go to bed at 9 o'clock. I watched the men at their dinner. They were fed in the workshops, and each had his own table, in the shape of a board about two feet long and a foot wide. This they rested on low work tables or placed on the floor, and squatted on their heels or on their knees behind it and ate. None of the prisoners had knives, and their only table instruments were wooden chopsticks. I was especially struck with the cleanliness of both prisons and prisoners. There was not a bad smell anywhere, except that of the dinner, and this I found very appetizing until after my encounter with the horse meat. The faces and the bodies of the men were as clean as those of freshly-washed babies, and the prisoners take hot baths about three times a week. The baths are big vats, in which twenty or thirty can soak at a time, and in which they go in white and come out as red as boiled lobsters. They dress in terra cotta gowns made of cotton, and they go barefoot or wear sandals of straw. Red is the prison garb all over Japan, and everything connected with the penitentiary



A Japanese sawmill.

is of this detested brick-dust hue. Their bed clothes are dyed with it, and the wadded comforters on which they lie are of the same color.

WONDERFUL PRISON WORKMEN.

I was surprised at the work done by the prisoners. You find here in a nutshell all kinds of Japanese industries, and some of the prisoners make the finest of cloisonne vases. They paint fans and china, and do the most exquisite wood carving. They are examined on entrance as to their fitness for certain kinds of work, and many of them learn trades during their sentences. In one place I saw them sawing logs into boards. They did it all by hand, and was the same with many things which we make with machinery. They manufacture paper by taking old scraps, tearing them into pieces and pounding the pulp with a mallet. After it is well mashed, the pulp

THE BALLET IS UPON US.



"Go up, thou Baldhead!"

is thrown into a vat and stirred into a thin mush, which is spread out on a framework of bamboo of the size of the sheet of newspaper. It sticks together, and when dried it makes very good paper. In another shop I saw two or three hundred Japanese making bricks by hand, or rather, by hand and foot. The clay was mixed by the prisoners, who stamped up and down upon it with their bare feet, going over it so carefully that every atom was pressed and ground up by them. They afterward put the clay into molds and smoothed each brick after it came out with a paddle until it had a gloss like porcelain. They were making brick for the great penitentiary, of which I will speak further on, and I asked as to the cost. The



An arrest in Japan.

superintendent told me that they could make and sell them for \$5 a thousand, or 50 cents a hundred. Two hundred men can make 500,000 brick per month, or an average of fifty brick a day to each man. I don't know what such brick would cost here, but I am sure that a better article cannot be bought.

JAPANESE CHEAP LABOR.

The work done in this prison is, perhaps, the cheapest in the world. The prison is on the contract-labor system, and the prisoners are let out to the contractors at from 1 to 15 cents a day. They are paid a portion of their wages, which is credited to them and given out when they leave. I was told that some saved as much as \$30 during their term, and upon my replying that that was not much, the superintendent said:

"No, it is not a great deal, but it will keep a Japanese man for a year."

In one shop I saw men making straw sandals, which sell for 1 cent a pair, and which are used by the poorer classes all over Japan. In another place 200 boys were making paper lanterns. The bamboo frames were split by hand with what looked very much like kitchen knives, and if you will look at a Japanese lantern you will see that its frames are made of bamboo wires no thicker than a darning needle, and that there are wound about the lantern with practically no support other than the paper. The whole workmanship is by hand, and it is the same with many other things. The Japanese use their feet as well as their hands, in their work, and the coopers hold the tubs between their toes while they hoop them.

JAPAN'S NEW PENITENTIARY.

This is the old Japanese penitentiary. Tokyo is now building one of the finest prisons in the world. It is about five miles outside of the capital. It is a great brick structure, covering many acres, and fitted out with all the latest prison appliances. The work is being done by the Japanese prisoners, and the architect is a Japanese. I saw the men at their work. They had built a scaffold on the ground near the top of the walls, and this, strange to say, was of poles tied together with ropes, and the men carried the bricks up on poles over their shoulders. In one place I saw them driving piles, and they had made a great scaffolding of poles which ran fifty feet above the ground, and in the center of this an immense beam was put in a perpendicular position. To the bottom of this beam, ropes were tied, and a score of men stood on a platform near the top of the scaffolding, and, by these ropes, raised the heavy beam high in the air, and then let it fall down on the pile, which was being driven into the earth. They sang as they worked, and at the end of each line the beam was dropped.

The prisoners have built a large portion of this new penitentiary, and though the

penitentiary does not pay for itself, it is run very cheaply. The superintendent told me that it cost 20 cents a day in silver per prisoner to keep up the establishment, or 10 cents a day in gold, and that the actual expense of keeping and boarding a prisoner was less than 5 cents per day per head.

HOW THE PRISONERS ARE PUNISHED.

Japan in the past had crucifixion and all sorts of horrible punishments, but these have long since passed away. The superintendent told me there was no such thing as corporal punishment used, and that the only punishments were the cutting down of the food and solitary confinement. There was only one dark cell, however, for these 2000 convicts, and the most of the solitary cells were not dark, and they looked more like granaries than anything else. Indeed, many things connected with this great prison reminded me of a stable. The hospital made me think of a horse stable, each patient having a box stall. The prisoners have bits of wood for pillows, but these are common all over Japan, and the men lie on comforters or futons, and are, on the whole, exceedingly comfortable.

HONORS FOR OUR CORRESPONDENT.

The discipline in these prisons is, perhaps, the best in the world. I saw no surly looks, and the faces of the prisoners seemed good-natured and kindly. They were thoroughly obedient to the officers, and in every shop that we entered we were saluted by the prisoners in a most curious way. As soon as we came in the



Tokyo Chief of Police.

officer in charge, who was dressed in European clothes, would present arms and jerk out the word "he," which I suppose means "attention." At this every man in the shop would drop to his knees and bump his clipped head against the dirt floor. He would keep it there until the officer again screamed out his vociferous "he," when he would rise and go back to work. In some shops there would be 200 men working, and they would drop down on their knees and bow before us as though we were little tin gods. In the rice mill there were fifty men naked, with the exception of a six-inch strip of cloth, which went around their waists, and they all went down on the floor. In the barber shop fifty prisoners, some covered with lather and some half clipped, jumped from their chairs to the earth, and during the day over 2000 men got down on all fours to me, and 4000 knees were bent in my honor. It seemed supremely ridiculous, but the customs of the Japan of the past have been such that there was no humiliation felt in the minds of the men as they performed this old Japanese salutation.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

(Copyright, 1894, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

Here Already.

Mrs. Billus—"John, I'm glad you've come. Here's the prospectus of a paper they're about to start and I want a little money to help it along. It's called The Coming Woman, and—"

Mr. Billus—"I haven't time now, Maria. Have just got a telegram from Aunt Rachel. She'll be at the station in half an hour with six trunks. The coming woman, Maria, has come, and I'm afraid she has come to stay."

The French actress, Mme. Rejane, is now setting the fashions in Paris, having dethroned the divine if somewhat erratic Sarah Bernhardt in this regard. Rejane's hair is of a slightly brighter red than mahogany, and Parisian tresses are beginning to take on that hue.

MISERY IN LUXURY.

Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt and Her Secret Woes.

The Woman Held as a Prisoner, Almost, by Her Jealous Husband.

A Fierce Conjugal Feud that Broke Out on a Pleasure Yacht While Cruising in the Mediterranean Sea.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—(Special Correspondence.) When the secret history of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt's marital woes is known the gilded misery of the

arrangements then made, Mr. Vanderbilt was to permit his wife to be mistress of her own home. Her pin money and other allowances were to be restored in full, and the education of the errant Willie further agreed not to make himself objectionable to his wife's guests, and to subject her to no personal indignity.

The question arises at this juncture how comes it that details of this embarrassing confidential nature can be the subject of gossip in every school for scandal that has sessions in metropolitan club houses or drawing-rooms? What is there in the Vanderbilt skeleton rendering it so unusually liable to exploitation?

The fact is that there has never been any secret about this deplorable business. The discord in the Vanderbilt family has been silently observed for years. Its development has been a daily spectacle to the coterie which forms what the lady herself styles her entourage. A weakness



Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt.

gods, which Catullus celebrates in his love poems, may seem but brazen sorrow.

The personal humiliation to which this lady has been subjected and the hidden sufferings of her life for the past ten years have been, according to the story now told by her friends, all but incredible.

Early in their married life Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt developed a mortal aversion to his wife's family. He thought them snobs, it is said, and they thought him vulgar. This little misunderstanding, like a certain rift in a much mentioned lute, grew ever more pronounced and at last the wife was formally forbidden to have anything to do with her own people. Mrs. Vanderbilt submitted in the interests of domestic peace. It is the generally received opinion that the millionaire's wife is a haughty woman, but her reserve is explained as but the result of her proud silence among the people whom her husband forced her to entertain. As time went on Mrs. Vanderbilt became almost her husband's prisoner, if the gossip of the hour is to be believed. He is said to have opened and read her letters, allowed her no pin money and permitted her to ask no persons to visit her without having secured his permission. As an instance of the way in which she was dealt with it is asserted that a certain confidential servant of Mr. Vanderbilt's had temerity enough to question the authority of the wife to order her carriage one morning because the master of the house had said nothing about it to the groom beforehand. The carriage accordingly was not forthcoming. Mrs. Vanderbilt's eldest son is not even yet out of his teens, but being in the house at the time (this episode occurred at Newport), he seized a whip, and, hurrying around to the stables, administered a horsewhipping to his father's lackey. The carriage came without further delay.

This incident is said to have given rise to Mr. Vanderbilt's first accusation against his wife of poisoning the minds of the children against him. Miss Consuelo, the eldest daughter, seems peculiarly open to this charge in the opinion of the father, since the assertion is made that it was she who urged her mother to offer some resistance to the alleged tyranny of the husband and father. It is whispered that Mr. Vanderbilt's disagreements with his wife were never rendered less acrid by the presence of the servants, who very soon accustomed themselves to the visitations of service in this distracted household. They were more than once called upon, Dame Rumor hints, to pick up from the floor such fragments of china and plate glass as spleen had projected in that direction. It is known that the apartment in which the family dined was referred to by the servants as the blue room, in view of the color of the oaths that lingered in its atmosphere.

The climax came one evening, when, it is declared, the millionaire locked his wife up in her apartments and refused to let her leave the house, in spite of the fact that she was completely dressed for a ball, and the carriage waited at the door. Miss Consuelo, it is said, resisted this action on her father's part, whereupon her papa picked the self-assertive heiress up in his arms, carried her to her room, shut her up and refused her permission to see her mother for nearly a week.

Matters having reached this pass, Mrs. Vanderbilt was said to have endeavored her husband's ill-treatment no longer. The gossip says she wrote to her Southern relatives, announcing that she had determined to return to the home of her girlhood, and she formally took leave of New York friends. It seemed as if that which novelists have decided shall be alluded to as All was over.

It was at this juncture that brother Cornelius stepped in. His diplomacy straightened matters for the time. Accord- ing to

for French is one of the few weaknesses of which Mrs. Vanderbilt can be accused. She is never sick. She is malade. Everything to her is tout a fait, or it is pas du tout. To herself she is une femme a plaindre.

However, to return to the wonder aroused by the eclatante, as Mrs. Vanderbilt calls it, some misapprehension has been caused by statements that one Nettie Neustreiter, to whom the husband has been attentive by fits and starts, is a cause of the present marital woe. No doubt Mr. Vanderbilt's gallantry toward this female fair and frail, have not edified Mrs. Vanderbilt, yet though her husband were a very Lothario in love, this proud patrician would die rather than betray consciousness of it, and no impression could be less in harmony with facts than the now current one concerning the Phryne of Paris.

When, therefore, matters had been straightened out in accordance with the terms urged by brother Cornelius, all for a time went well. Mr. Vanderbilt again grew dictatorial. Mrs. Vanderbilt was haughty. One disagreement led to another, and soon brother Cornelius saw with a sigh that his intervention had been in vain. William K. Vanderbilt on one occasion, the story goes, went so far as to take advantage of his superior strength in dealing with his wife, by removing her jewels from her arms and ears, and when she refused to dine at his table with him, he forbade the servants to serve meals in her own rooms, with the intention, as must be inferred, of starving the proud lady into submission.

It was at this juncture that Cornelius Vanderbilt conceived the idea of sending the divided pair to sea in a yacht. Accordingly the Valiant was fitted up with reckless gorgeousness and a tour of more than a year was planned. It appeared



Wm. K. Vanderbilt.

that the couple would hide their discord, since they had a pleasure boat full of guests to entertain. At first matters ran smoothly. Then the inevitable asserted itself. The tour ended abruptly in the Mediterranean, after a conjugal scene in the presence of all the guests which made it very evident that no closet in existence was large enough to hold the skeleton any longer. The guests got back to New York as well as they could, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt were next heard from in Europe, where they were eager to be divorced.

This, then, is the story. Mrs. Vanderbilt has been accused of caprice and jealousy when, in truth, her life has been, according to her friends, all but unendurable. But for her children's sake, it is contended, she would have applied for divorce long ago, but now it is alleged that she is, in this regard, Rejane's hair is of a slightly brighter red than mahogany, and Parisian tresses are beginning to take on that hue.

(Copyright, 1894.)

LETTING IN THE JUNGLE.

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MOWGLI.

Another Jungle Story by Rudyard Kipling.

[From a Special Contributor.]

"Letting in the Jungle" is a continuation of the marvelous tales of "Mowgli's Brothers" and "Tiger! Tiger!" Those who read the first stories will remember how the tiger, Shere Khan, pursued a little Indian boy to the mouth of a cave, where he was refuge with Mother Wolf. The tiger demanded his prey, but, after trying him, the pack adopted Mowgli as man-cub, and he was reared as one of the jungle folk, talking their language and hunting and living along with Bagheera, the black panther, and Baloo, the bear. It was when the pack revolted against Akela, the old wolf, who, for years had led them to battle, that Mowgli in a fit of rage quit the jungle. He went to live among men, but before his departure vowed never to return till he came to spread Shere Khan's hide over Council Rock.

In the village Mowgli found his real parents, Messua and her husband, and, like a dutiful son, tried to conform to "man habits and speech." But jungle instincts followed him, and when his arch enemy, Shere Khan, lay in wait, thirsting for blood, his foster family, Mother Wolf, Grey Brother and Akela, gave the man-cub warning. Mowgli was village hero at the time, and cunningly he trapped his foe. The lame tiger was decoyed into a narrow defile, and the angry bull buffaloes driven at a mad pace down the gorge till they trampled the last breath out of Shere Khan's body. In the moment of Mowgli's triumph, Baloo, the village hunter, demanded that the tiger skin be given him for the reward it would bring. His insistence forced the man-cub to call upon Akela for assistance. Obedient to orders, the old wolf sprang upon the hunter and pinned him to the ground, while Mowgli stripped off the grey hide. Seeing the beast's implicit obedience, Baloo returned to the village, declared Mowgli a sorcerer, and, when the boy returned, driving his buffaloes before him, the people stoned him from the gate. He then returned to the jungle, fulfilled his promise of carpeting Council Rock with Shere Khan's hide, called the pack to gather, and, after reinstating Akela as leader, he said: "Man-Pack and Wolf-Pack have cast me out. Now, I will hunt alone in the jungle." So Mowgli went alone and hunted with the four cubs in the jungle from that day on.—The Editor.

You will remember how, after Mowgli had pinned Shere Khan's hide to the Council Rock, he told as many as were left of the Seconee Pack that henceforward he would hunt the jungle alone, and the four children of Mother and Father Wolf said that they would hunt with him. But it is not easy to change one's life all in a minute, particularly in the jungle. The first thing Mowgli did, when the disorderly pack had slunk off, was to go to the home cave and tell Mother and Father Wolf as much as they could understand of his adventures, and when he made the morning sun flicker up and down the blade of his skinning knife—the same he had skinned Shere Khan with—they said he had learned something. Then Akela and Grey Brother had to explain their share of the great buffalo drive in the ravine, and Baloo told up the hill to hear about it, and Bagheera scratched himself all over with pure delight at the way in which Mowgli had managed his war.

It was long after sunrise, but no one dreamed of going to sleep, and from time to time during the night Mowgli would throw up his head and sniff the wind with satisfaction as the wind brought her the smell of the tiger-skin on the Council Rock.

"But for Akela and Grey Brother here," Mowgli said at the end, "I could have done nothing. Oh, mother, mother, if thou hadst seen the man-cub, how he would have raved, or hurrying through the jungle when the man-pack fung stones at me."

"I am glad I did not see that last," said Mother Wolf, stiffly, "is not my custom to suffer my cubs to be driven to and fro like jackals. I would have taken a price from the man-pack, but I would

"But what," said Akela, cocking one ear, have spared the woman that gave thee the milk. Yes, I would have spared her alone. "Peace, peace, Raksha," said Father Wolf, lastly. "Our Frog has come back again, so wise that his own father must lick his feet; and what is a cub's loss on the head? Leave the men alone," Baloo and Bagheera both echoed: "Leave the men alone."

Mowgli, his head on Mother Wolf's side, smiled contentedly, and said that for his own part he never wished to see or hear of a man again.

"But what," said Akela, cocking one ear, "but what if the men do not leave thee alone, Little Brother?"

"We be five," said Grey Brother, looking round at the company and snapping his jaws on the last word.

"We might also attend to that hunting," said Bagheera, with a little twitch of his tail, looking at Baloo. "But why think of men, now, Akela?"

"For this reason," the Lone Wolf answered. "When that yellow thief's hide was hung up, I went back along out trail from the village, stepping in my tracks, turning aside, scratching and lying down to make a mixed trail in case one should follow us. But when I had fouled the trail so that I myself hardly knew it again, Mang, the bat, came hawking between the trees and hung up above me. Said Mang, 'The village of the man-pack where they cast out the man-cub hums like a hornet's nest.'"

"It was a big stone that I threw," chuckled Mowgli, who had almost amused himself by throwing ripe pawpaws into a hornet's nest and racing to the nearest pool before the hornets caught him.

"I asked of Mang what he had seen. He said the Red Flower blossomed at the mouth of the village, and men sat about it carrying guns. Now I know, for I have good cause," Akela looked down at the old dry scars on his flank and side, "that men do not carry guns for pleasure. Presently Little Brother, a man with a gun, follows our trail, if, indeed, he be not already on it."

"But why should he? Men have cast me out. What more do they need?" said Mowgli, angrily.

"Thou art a man, Little Brother," Akela returned. "It is not for us, the Free



Men always play with their mouths.

put him back sadly. However he dampened his finger, rubbed it on his nose and stood up to catch the upper scent, which though it is the faintest, is the truest.

"Man," Akela growled, dropping on his haunches, "that is a sharp tooth," said Akela, sniffing at the blade's cut in the earth, "but living with the Man-pack has spoiled thy eye, Little Brother. I could have killed a buck while thou wast striking."

Bagheera sprang to his feet, thrust up his head as far as he could, sniffed and stiffened through every curve in his body. Grey Brother followed his example quickly, keeping a little to his left to get the wind that was blowing from the right while Akela bounded fifty yards up wind and half-crouching, stiffened too. Mowgli looked on enviously. He could smell things as very few human beings could, but he had never reached the hair-trigger-like sensitiveness of a jungle nose; and his three months in the smoky village had

had sent him out to kill this devil-child. But meantime the village had got hold of Messua, and her husband, who was undoubtedly the father and mother of this devil-child, Messua he knew was a sorceress. Had known it for years, but had not cared to make bad blood in the village by talking about it, and had barricaded them in their own hut, and presently would torture them to make them confess they were witch and wizard, and then they would be beaten to death.

"When," said the charcoal-burners, because they would very much like to be present at the ceremony.

Buldeo said that nothing would be done till he returned, because the village wished him to kill the Jungle-boy first. After that they would dispose of Messua and her husband, and divide their lands and buffaloes among the village. Messua's husband had some remarkably fine buffaloes too. It was an excellent thing to clear out wilds, Buldeo thought; and people who entertained wolf-children out of the jungle were clearly the worst kind of witches.

"But," said the charcoal-burners, "what would happen if the English heard of it?" The English, they had heard, were a perfectly mad people, who would not let honest farmers sell witches in peace.

"Why," said Buldeo, "the head man of the village would report that Messua and her husband had died of snake-bite. That was all arranged, and the only thing now was to kill the wolf-child. They did not happen to have seen anything of such a creature? The charcoal-burners looked round cautiously and thanked their ears they had not; but they had no doubt that so brave a man as Buldeo would find him if anyone could. The sun was setting rather low, and they had an idea that they would push on to Buldeo's village and see that wicked witch. Buldeo said though it was his duty to kill the devil-child, he could not let a party of unarmed men go through the jungle, which might produce the wolf-demon at any minute, without his escort. He therefore would accompany them, and if the sorcerer's child appeared—well, he would show them how the best hunter in Seconee dealt with such things. The Brahmin, he said, had given him a charm against the creature that made everything perfectly safe.

"What says he? What says he? What says he?" the wolves repeated every few minutes; and Mowgli translated until he came to the witch part of the story, which was a little bit beyond him, and then he said that the man and woman who had been so kind to him were trapped.

"Do men trap men?" said Bagheera. "So he says. I cannot understand the talk. They are all mad together. What have Messua and the man to do with me that they should be put in a trap, and what is all this talk about the red flower? I must look to this. Whatever they would do to Messua they will not do to Buldeo's returns. And so—"

thought hard with his fingers playing round the haft of the skinning knife while Buldeo and the charcoal-burners went off very valiantly in single file.

"I am going, hot-foot back to the Man-pack," he said at last.

"And those?" said Grey Brother, looking hungrily after the brown backs, charcoal-burners.

"Sing them home," said Mowgli, with a grin; "it do not wish them to be at the village gate till it is dark. Can you hold them?"

Grey Brother bared his white teeth in contempt. "We can head them round and round in circles like tethered goats—if I know men."

"That I do not need. Sing to them a little less they may be lonely on the road, and Grey Brother, the song need not be the sweetest. Go with them, Bagheera, and help make the song. When the sun has set, I will follow them back to the village. Grey Brother knows the place."

"It is no light hunting to work for man-cub. When shall I sleep? said Bagheera, yawning, though his eyes showed he was delighted with the amusement. Mo to sing to naked men. But let us see."

He lowered his head so that the sound would travel well, and cried a long, long, low note, and a midnight call in the afternoon which was quite awful enough to begin with. Mowgli heard it rattle and rise and fall and die off in a creepy sort of whine behind his ears, and he knew what he was to do. He ran through the jungle. He could see the charcoal-burners huddled in a knot with old Buldeo's gunbarrel waving like a banner, and he knew that he was to do as he saw the well-known, broad grazing grounds and the dhak tree, where Grey Brother had waited for him on the morning that he killed Shere Khan. Angry and determined, he followed the man and woman who had been so kind to him, and he knew that he was to do as he saw the well-known, broad grazing grounds and the dhak tree, where Grey Brother had waited for him on the morning that he killed Shere Khan.

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A methodical cast of mind, and no one can

work well without sleep. Meantime, Mowgli was putting the miles behind him at the rate of nine an hour, swinging on, untroubled, at the whole of his mind, and all those cramped months among men. The one idea in his head was to get Messua and her husband out of the trap, whatever it was, for he had a natural mistrust of traps. Later on, he promised himself he would begin to pay his debts to the village at large. It was twilight when he saw the well-known, broad grazing grounds and the dhak tree, where Grey Brother had waited for him on the morning that he killed Shere Khan. Angry and determined, he followed the man and woman who had been so kind to him, and he knew that he was to do as he saw the well-known, broad grazing grounds and the dhak tree, where Grey Brother had waited for him on the morning that he killed Shere Khan.

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OUR BOY AND GIRL

THE LOST OPAL OF MYSORE, OR THE SECRET OF THE GHATS.

By William Murray Graydon.

(From a Special Contributor.)

CHAPTER VI.

Which Treats of Tigers, Brute and Human.

The Hindoo's warning about clearing up the seeming mystery, and accounted for all of the little community being indoors at so comparatively early an hour of the night. Doubtless one or more man-eating tigers had been terrorizing the village of late, and was at this very time within the walls.

So the visitors surmised as they recalled the gruesome monument of stone and bamboo back in the forest, and they little liked the prospect of being shut in between two perils.

"Looks as though we'd 'ave to give protection instead of claim it," muttered Pink, throwing himself out of the saddle. "I've heard of tigers putting a 'ole town at their wit end, but I never saw it before. The first thing is to shut the gate against the tigers' cut-throat. We're safer inside than out, and if it comes to a siege, I've got my fighting temper on. Rifles ready there, lads, in case the man-eaters take a notion for white meat."

Just then an angry snarl drew attention to a pair of huge animals crouching in the street about thirty feet away.

They were the man-eating tigers. With gleaming eyes and madly oscillating tails they crept closer and closer.

The horses snorted with terror. The gray mare jerked loose from Pink and went out of the open gate like a streak. Jack's charger simply stood still, trembling like a leaf.

The other horse roared on its hind feet so suddenly that Myles and Paltu tumbled to the ground. They wheeled about and galloped off to the left, between the huts and the village wall.

Pink's first act was to hurl the torch at the man-eater, and so sure was his aim that the blazing brand struck within a foot of the brutes and drove them back into the gloom, roaring savagely. He next banged the gate shut and pulled down a heavy iron bar into the socket on each side.

By this time Jack was on his feet, holding fast to his frightened horse. Myles and Paltu were not hurt by the fall and fortunately the runaway steed had not taken their weapons along.

The village was in an uproar. From the unseen occupants of every hut came shrill cries and supplications.

The torch now having fallen to a mere spark, one of the tigers suddenly appeared. It was plainly rabid with lust for human flesh; nor was it an aged animal, as man-eaters mostly are.

A light spring landed it within fifteen feet of the party, and there it crouched for a final leap, quivering from head to tail.

At this critical moment Myles had courage to lift his rifle and fire. At the sharp report the tiger rose in air with a frightful roar, and fell, mortally wounded, within six feet of the party.

As Myles jumped hastily out of the way Pink's rifle cracked twice, and the man-eater rolled over dead.

There was no time to exult at the victory, for a second tiger was yet at large. Its whereabouts was just then made known by a weird, unearthly scream of agony from the far end of the village street.

"What's that?" cried Jack, with a shudder.

"The beast," as grabbed the "ore," shouted Pink, "is running furiously in the direction of the sound. 'Stay here, lads! It was scarcely three minutes later when he returned.

"Two 'ores gone now," he growled bitterly. "The man-eater knocked the charger over right in front of the rear gate—which happened to be open—and he dragged the body outside. It was no

cheering to the fugitives to see how ready and gladly the fierce half-naked Hindoo ran for their spears and swords and antiquated matchlocks.

"This is luck, and no mistake," said Pink. "We'll stay here till morning, and then strike for the ghats. We'll 'ave to go on foot, though. The 'edman says there ain't a 'orse to be 'ad—or an elephant either. Jack's charger won't do for four, and we'll be just as well off without it."

"But can we spend the night here safely?" asked Myles. "I don't mean that there's any danger of the village being taken by storm, but the troopers may ride around it and get to the ghats before us."

"They can't 'ad," Pink replied. "The only road toward the mountains is straight through this 'ere village. To right and left the jungle is so thick that a man can hardly slip through it alone a 'orse. So the 'edman says, and I take 'im to be a true talker."

"Then we ought to feel safe enough," remarked Jack. "It's not likely the troopers will abandon their horses and take to the jungle on foot. But there's sure to be some stirring times when they arrive."

"I doubt if they are coming," exclaimed Myles. "It looks mighty queer—"

"Eh, what's that?" interrupted Pink. "A 'orse, what's that?"

Clear on the night air, above the scurrying feet and shrill voices of the natives, rang the dull pulsing of hoofs. Over the top of the arched gate the glimmer of approaching torches.

An instant later the flashing lights vanished, the clatter of hoofs was stilled, and the sound of the cavalry trumpet pealed loudly before the gate.

"Open! open!" cried an angry voice, and the command was emphasized by a thunderous knock on the stout teakwood planks.

There was no answer from within. Hastily the women and children ran to the shelter of the huts, while the men—

It was a thrilling scene that met their eyes. On the moonlit road outside the wall crouched a huge tiger on the body of a man whose uniform stamped him as one of the Rajah's troopers. Close by lay the torn carcass of Myles' black charger.

Before a shot could be fired the tiger seized his human victim in his mouth, and bounded lightly into the jungle with a roar of defiance. Pursuit would have been useless and hazardous, for the man was probably dead.

"Any more of the spies about, eh?" muttered Pink, peering to right and left.

"I don't think so," replied Jack. "The fellow was alone."

"He must have worked around through the jungle to discover if the village was equally well protected on this side," said Myles.

"And walked right into the jaws of the man-eater, who 'appened to prefer 'im to ore-shank," added Pink, with a graphic gesture. "Serves the bloody 'eathen right, too. Mogul Mir won't send another spy in a 'urry. We're safer than ever, lads."

The inactivity of the troopers now appeared in a plainer light. No doubt they were waiting for their absent companion to return.

In a spirit of protest Pink opened the gate and slipped out. He took the two coils of rope from the saddle bags of the dead horse, and as soon as he returned the gate was closed and barred.

"We 'ad to 'ave this," he said. "We won't burden ourselves with the other stuff. The gray mare carried off two more from the villagers."

"Are we going to start, now?" asked Myles.

"Not till near daybreak," Pink responded. "We're going to 'ave a good sleep if the 'edman can provide quarters."

On being consulted the headman declared that he could, and he furthermore assured his guests that they might rest in perfect safety for as long a time as suited their convenience.

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Before

Rain in the Outfall.

Notwithstanding the rain not long before that time, the amount of water flowing in the outfall sewer Friday was a great deal less than at any other time.

"On this verdict, the court, Department One, in which they were tried, passed judgment of conviction against each of the petitioners. Defendants in said action

reference to the punishment of the same, hence, the passage of the act of 1831 against train-wrecking, already referred to. "This new section, however, does not repeal the prior provision of the Penal Code. The verdict of the jury, it will be seen, did not convict the defendants of the crime designated in the new section 218 in reference to train-wrecking, but did convict them of the crime designated

The defense was that the property in controversy had been dedicated to the public for street purposes, and the city relied upon the Moore & Kelleher map which was filed for record on May 15, 1875, in support of its contention; for upon it the property was designated as Johnson

Valentine Melay, the boy who entered his plea of guilty recently to the charge of stealing Theodore Robert's bicycle on November 9, appeared before Judge Smith to receive sentence yesterday morning, and was committed to the State Industrial School at Ione for the term of four years.

Tom Averill, who was allowed to plead guilty to simple assault on Wednesday last, although charged with a more serious

pany; action to recover \$50,235 damages alleged to have been suffered by reason of plaintiff's foot being caught in a frog at the crossing of Turner and Alameda streets, just as a train approached on October 1 last, causing him to lose his leg by being run over.

TRY our Columbian lump coal, \$3.80 per ton, delivered to any part of the city. Banning Company, Inc. 130 West Second street.

connect with steamer at Port Los Angeles
leave S. P. Co.'s depot, Fifth st. at 1:10 p.m.
Steamers leave San Pedro and East San
Pedro for San Francisco and way ports De-
cember 5, 9, 14, 18, 23, 27, January 1, 5. Cars
to connect with these steamers leave S. P.
Co.'s depot, Fifth st., at 5 p.m., or L. A.
Terminal depot at 5:15 p.m.
The company reserves the right to change
steamers or their days of sailing.
W. FARRIS, agent.
124 W. Second st., Los Angeles, Cal.





BODICES AND WRAPS.

SOME EXQUISITE FLOWER-LIKE HOUSE WAISTS.

Sleeves Droop, Shoulders Expand, and Often Five Different Fabrics and as Many Different Colors Appear.

[From a Special Contributor.]

As winter festivities continue to unfold themselves, and afternoon tea and other modest home functions become more and more patronized, the fancy waist grows in favor and loveliness.

It is always so much less difficult to successfully accomplish half a costume than a whole toilet. Now that the new hybrid art of growing half a dozen materials and as many colors into the same garment, has come in, the woman of wit and a well-supplied scrap bag sees before

BODICE DESIGNS.

The first thing one notices in the fancy bodice of the hour is that all sleeves droop down and outward, and that there is a growing tendency to create a slight blouse effect at the waist in front. From the throat, at times, will hang huge collars of lace or velvet, made to flare out like a skirt. Another dainty waist of white chini silk, scattered with the shadowy ghosts of pink, perhaps, will have square bretelles of lace projecting from the arm-holes over the sleeve tops.

The little pointed collars over the high neck band, like the stock and gorgeous cararia, but where the stock is worn it is noticed that the side wings are placed well back of the ears, for when put too far forward they will produce a hopelessly round-shouldered effect.

IMPORTANT DETAILS.

Sleeves that refuse to behave themselves are shirred over the top with two or three rows of gathers, and so are made to hang in the lines beloved of fashion gods.

At the high top already quoted were seen three other bodices that are certainly worthy of mention. Two, that are shown

FRENCH FASHIONS.

PARISIAN HATS AND NOVELTIES IN FUR.

Rules that are Carefully Observed in Designing New Styles for the Women Who are Young and Beautiful.

PARIS, Nov. 28.—(Special Contributor.) "Hats have grown wide to preserve the 'unities,'" said oracularly Monsieur Carlier, the well-known modiste of the Avenue de l'Opera. "The movement was inevitable to keep pace with the sleeves. Measured by past seasons, today's hats, you may say, are enormous, but set over today's gowns they are perfect and they are moderate. All is by comparison. Do I make myself clear?"

It was a pretty illustration of how dress, as well as pictures, follow the laws of art. If one part of the composition, as the sleeve top, reaches out beyond the old outline, straightway a new outline must be



Carriage robes.

imagined, and this new imaginary outline must be touched from point to point by other members reaching out, as the skirt edge, the hair, the hat, to form to the eye an agreeable continuity. The dress artist works like the landscape artist. Unity, harmony, simplicity are his laws and beauty is his end.

SARTORIAT HARMONY.

"But I will tell you of something immoderate," pursued the milliner. "It would be to set over these wide sleeves a hat tall and narrow. The result would be a frightful discord. A woman would be turned into a Latin cross. No, the hats of today are enormous, they are only large," he said, and indicated a superb confection on whose ample crown a bird rested with wings deployed some twenty inches from tip to tip, and another whose knot of ribbons would not be spanned by a two-foot rule. The while I tried to understand all that is and is not in an adjective. The extremes at least, lie close together, for if the sleeves are a hair's breadth too small the 'hats worn' in Paris today become at once gigantic; their size makes them literally stunning.

The bonnet, small as it is, you observe, has this same outward movement over the ears. Maybe it is only an ornamental pin that reaches out, or a plume, or the slightest indication is enough, and the eyes need only a suggestion and fancy supplies the rest. For example, look at this little capote. It is diminutive in size for a doll, yet this wide bow on the front and the tips over the ears all have the lateral movement. A six-inch brim would not be more suggestive, it is an embodiment of the prevailing idea. The bonnet in question was formed after the peasant's headpiece of Provence, of green metallic paper, a new bonnet material, embroidered



An evening wrap.

material, with double puff sleeves and suspender-like pieces dragged over the shoulder and was of flame red—that wicked, glittering red affected by Mr. Irving's Nephew. The third, seated in sedate dignity, was of pompadour brocade with revers, collar and rolled belt of moss green antique velvet.

FANCY CHIFFONS.

Plain and figured chiffons tumble in tender, drifting billows over busts and arms, and again a sober-bred one—say black, for example—will be content to shine mainly in a gay lining that will



An opera cloak.

up through innumerable eyel holes, cut in stiff daisy patterns, maybe, all over the chiffon.

These open-work chiffons, by the way, seem a favorite novelty, but after all they are not near so effective as those plain or figured.

Parisian street toilet.

over with jet. On the front was a bow of black lace of butterfly form, wired out to each side of heads in metallic colors, and at the center was a star of flashing jet. A pompon rose over the top, and black tips fell at the sides. It was an undated model for the season.

DAZZLING HEAD DRESSES.

"These lustrous capotes are the key of the season," and Monsieur indicated another one. It was all in overlapping scales of gold that shaded down to black. Its form seemed to be a diminutive Roman helmet, thrust through on each side with arrows stuck in like long Japanese hairpins; high above the crest toward the tail of a paradise bird, toned down to black, and small tips fell down the back. But these details were lost in the general effect, which was ravishing; it nestled down in the hair like a bird in its nest. "Come to the medium-sized round hat and you observe the same general character, always there is this lateral movement, this sympathy with the sleeve." A black felt Amazon was the illustration, the sides rolled up against the crown, the vacated space over the ears covered by a knot of English point lace, verdure green velvet lined the crown and formed a band of passing loop on each side, and a bunch of

plumes at the back rose high and fell down low upon the hair. "The richest trimmings are those great birds of rare plumage that have to be sought in the jungles of the earth, but they are costly, and small purses content themselves with doves artificially dyed, or with flocks of smaller birds, numbers being put upon the same hat. As to colors in fashion, all the tints of reddish-violet come



New box and bonnet.

first, they are the rage; next in order are rose, geranium, dahlia and brown. Black plumes are used in profusion. They are under the brim and stand out at the sides and fall down at the back. They are the trimming par excellence. "One indiscreet question, Monsieur. What is the key for the elderly woman?" found his "feelers," will be used to clutch with a fashionable woman, after Christmas, and an Etruscan gold dragon whose eyes are diamonds and whose scales are emeralds, will form another gift to ornament the lapel of a woman's coat. Not so expensive as these, but exquisite in dainty appropriateness, are the very new hair ornaments. The body is usually of Pompeian red with the zodiac signs of her birth month raised in dull gold or jewels on its surface. These come from \$10 to \$15, and are considered the very correctest chateaux to wear.

However, should one wish to be distinctly smart after the fashion of these Fifth-avenue women, who know how to spend so much money in a quiet way, one will fasten to their smart tailor gown, not a jeweled pin, but a small black bow, and over two inches in length with a dull gold side. This caught at the top by a gold safety pin. These cost only \$7, but their neatness is their great charm.

SMART AND NOVEL BUCKLES.

Buckles remain the favorite ornament. For every conceivable part of feminine apparel are they constructed. A round dozen is not considered superfluous worn by a well-dressed woman. They nestle in the hat, dot the collar, confine the cuffs, outline the belt, until verily, no knight of old possessed more when in full armor. They come for dinner gowns in the form of miniatures surrounded by jewels and half-moons of rhinestones. For simpler use some new ones of conventional shape are inlaid with large black diamonds, some with Mexican onyx, others with moonstones. The stones are not expensive ones, but their use in the dead gold produces a lovely effect. These will be placed especially on the broad house belts which are used as girdles for



The new French hat.

was very quickly bobbed off short at the waist line, leaving a sealskin bodice or a figaro, as you please, or vest as the French say. The figaro is close-fitted, single or double-breasted, with a velvet collar of astrakhan hooked up close to the throat with a collarband and decorated with large tortoise shell buttons. A silk blouse may possibly be worn under it, but not a bodice; it is too close. This garment suits exactly the French idea; it has no long, sedate lines in it; it gives a plump look to the figure; there is something stately about it; it is, in fine, chic. (Also it is a garment perfectly formed for active sports, for skating, bicycling and so on, which recommends it in its circle somewhat generally. Add to it a velvet skirt, a muff to match and a big hat, and there is formed one of the most charming costumes of the season, in rich half a dozen long jackets in effect of vivacity and style.

SUMPTUOUS WRAPS.

For ceremonious dress, long jackets are made, but they are oftenest of velvet, matching in color a silk or satin or cloth skirt, with revers and collar fur-faced. These have a dignity befitting dignified occasions, which is another matter, and not the every-day affair of the coquette. Fur capes are very fashionable and expensive also. They are nearly half length and very full, and have a shawl collar of silver or black fox. Victorines of sable are one of the greatest elegancies, cut not wide and droopingly sedate, as in our grandmother's day, but lithe and full of frivolous gaiety with ends that reach the foot. Let over balcony sleeves, the victorine gives to the wearer, at a distance somewhat the look of a peacock's tail. This scissors effect is the quintessence of style.

FUR TRIMMINGS.

Quantities of small animal skins entire are used for trimmings. Apparently the slaughter of beasts to furnish forth the gown rivals that of birds to decorate the hat, but it is explained that these innumerable little animals are manufactured, so far toward creation have the furriers gone. The skins are cut into the shape of a trapper's lodge after the day's hunt; beads and tails follow each other in procession round the skirt, are knotted up into rosettes and occupy every point available for ornament. For a bon, one beast does not suffice, two are fastened together, the tails hanging down the back and the heads crossed in front. But these things pass the boundaries of taste, and are only mentioned to show the blow of the wind. Little beasts are fashionable, but to be effective they must be used judiciously, as in the following costume made for the Prin-

cess C—sky. It is a gown of violet cloth, deep violet velvet and sable. The skirt has the front breadth trimmed round entablature, with fur and a band of shell passementerie, and is buttoned from the belt down on each side with three iridescent smoked pearl buttons. A triangular plait of the velvet is set in between the front and side gores. The back breadth is bordered round and up the sides like the front. High-necked bodice of the velvet, and over it a low-necked bodice of the cloth slightly bouffant in front over a velvet belt. The neck rounds toward the shoulders, and is caught with a head of a little beast that forms a strap over the shoulder. A tippet round the neck furnishes a third head, and the muff is ornamented with heads and tails. ADA CONE.

CHATELAINES AND BUCKLES.

New Fashions in Jewels that Will be Much in Evidence.

[From a Special Contributor.]

At the recent horse show, where the first fashions of the season are displayed, it was observed that the newest watch chateaux were elaborately jeweled crowns. Mrs. John Jacob Astor wore one such studded with diamonds and rubies, and the effect on a dark gown was very pleasing. The jeweler is adopting this fancy of a fashionable leader and crowns, therefore, are the preference of those who desire to have their time piece in evidence. The crown is fashioned of slender gold wire holding precious stones aloft. At its base is a swivel from which depends the tiny watch; and, bear in mind, that all these pieces should be just as insignificant as the maker will give them to you. Of course, these increase from \$5 to \$10 in price for every hair breadth taken off their circumference, but it is always a more laborious feat to make a miniature than a large portrait.

One of these small affairs has been fashioned in a ring, and is worn as a ring, the face not measuring more than a handsome solitaire. Its price is double that of an ordinary watch.

ODD DEVICES.

A dead gold crab who seems to have amated with his cousin—the octopus—on the door to the surface, his claws dripping with pearls, is another of the unique designs. A jeweled octopus who, has sucked to him a great emerald sea-serpent, about whom he has artistically wound his "feelers," will be used to clutch with a fashionable woman, after Christmas, and an Etruscan gold dragon whose eyes are diamonds and whose scales are emeralds, will form another gift to ornament the lapel of a woman's coat.

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Some young girls who are fond of mementoes are getting brass sword hilts from military admirers, and wearing them in a polished condition, heavily monogrammed. They are decidedly the most effective made for the stylish Norfolk jacket of chevrot. The round buckle has disappeared with the double bowknot chateaux. Diamond-shaped or square shields are getting a trifle passé, being generally superseded by the old-fashioned long-side buckle. It is in this make one sees the elaborate, expensive work. In each jewelry shop window can be seen a vari-colored display of "carinas." The material of velvet chiffon satin, is gathered into a long, thin, and to show off the exquisite ornaments that are sold with them. Every form of jeweled buckle is devised, and of every price. Some of the particularly dressy ones have bars of rhinestones buckled into the velvet at intervals of three inches. These are going to be worn about the throat with decollete gowns, after the most approved French fashion.

Of rings there is little new to say. The yellow diamond, mounted with the white, the \$10,000 ruby, for those who

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

can afford, are all precisely as last season. A pretty deviation I noticed was in one setting. Three diamonds form the base of a fleur-de-lys, the lower flower supplied by a dark stone, usually a sapphire. The setting extends nearly to the buckle.

LUXURIOUS LOUNGING.

Beauty, Cost and Variety of the New Sofa Pillows.

[From a Special Contributor.]

In every home there should be one room in whose furnishing comfort has been the chief aim, where the members of the family may do as they please without reference to tidies, thrown on borrowed furniture, and in such room there will be a wide and springy couch with not more than three pillows. These will differ in size, and softness, in order to be adaptable to the shape of every one's head and shoulders; the smallest one so yielding to pressure that the person using it will be almost unconscious of its presence, while the larger ones will serve as a support; perhaps the covers will be of China silk, fine chintz, blue jeans; or possibly they will be simple slips of brown linen.

For corners are covered with roses, have too many cushions. One society woman boasted recently of owning sixty, and she immediately became the object of envy to every woman of her acquaintance. Frequently hundreds of dollars are represented in the pillows which one sees in every corner of an elegant home, in the wicker chairs, on the broad window seats, on the door cushions, the hearth and piled upon divans in oriental profusion.

Seven is said to be the conventional number of cushions for an artistic divan. But they must vary as much as possible in shape, size and coloring. Pillows a yard square with a deep ruffle seem to be in general use and are very fat ones whose four corners are covered with roses, a sort of round bolster at each end of a couch gives a good effect, particularly when covered with black satin which provides a sympathetic background for gay cushions; the ends are finished with rosettes and often a wide satin ribbon is passed around the middle and tied in a bow. Then comes a large cushion, a dozen scraps of brick-red surah was exceedingly pretty. The silk was pulled onto the plain bottom piece all the way round, and then was gathered into a big rosette in the center of the top, the folds being so close together that the numerous seams were not visible.

One of the most beautiful cushions in New York belongs to the wife of a man whose purse is filled to overflowing with the receipts of a great express company. In looking over her wardrobe last autumn she found an old crepe de chine dress, dotted with bow knots embroidered in white silk, and with an elaborate border worked in the same design. She took two breaths of the stuff to the associated artist and had the white knots re-embroidered in dull blue and outlined with gold. Blue, pink and gold were put into the border, and then a large dove cushion was covered on both sides with the crepe, the border having been arranged to go around the four sides of the square. A full ruffle of point d'esprit lace was added and from an old gown a regal cushion had been made at a cost of not less than \$50.

Suitable materials for the covers of pillows are legion. Pieces of last summer's thin silk can be used, and for a hearty cushion there is nothing better than the front of one of those tea-gown patterns which were a few years ago, and which were embroidered in Persian designs and colorings. At any Japanese store can be found a variety of printed cotton crepes, of old silks, or of elaborately embroidered oriental scarves, ranging from 25 cents a yard to any amount you may be willing to pay. A new material is chiffon, a ridged cotton goods, woven close threads of different shades of the same color. It is thirty-six inches wide and but 75 cents a yard, two and one-half yards making the cover and ruffled for a large pillow. As several shades of the same color, mix up in greens, dull pinks and blues, or yellows.

Sofa pillows need not necessarily be stuffed with down. Many housewives have already discovered that a pillow case of soft ticking or of closely-woven muslin, when lightly stuffed with ordinary goose feathers, is not easily disfigured and is a most expensive one of down. So if you are lucky enough to have an old feather mattress or some extra bed pillows you need not hesitate to use them. As to the new material, who has never changed feathers, may keep her from filling her whole house with the little white plumes which, once escaped, can never be brought back to bounds. Sew up the new case with the exception of about four inches, then gently rip the old case for the same space, sew the two openings together

firmly, and shake the feathers of the old pillow down into the new.

R. B. WILLYSS.

PLEASANT AFFAIR.

Gen. Breckinridge Entertained at the Soldiers' Home.

The officers and headquarters clerks' mess at the Soldiers' Home gave a luncheon yesterday to Gen. J. C. Breckinridge, Inspector-general, U.S.A., who is now engaged in examining the affairs of that institution. Besides the guest of honor, there were present Gov. J. G. Rowland and all the chief officers of the home. The band played as the guests marched into the messroom. Before being seated, Capt. A. B. Godden, as chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, made a brief address of welcome. After the good things had been fully enjoyed, responses were made to the following sentiments by the gentlemen named: "The United States Army—Volunteer and Regular." Gen. Breckinridge said: "The Pacific Branch, N. H. D. V. S., Col. J. G. Rowland, governor. 'Our Flag and Our Home.' Maj. A. M. Thornton, treasurer. "Medical Department, Pacific Branch, N. H., Maj. H. E. Haase, chief surgeon. "Then followed an hour of good-humored chat; old army stories were told and laughed over, while real enjoyment ruled the hour.

Resolutions of Respect.

We, the members of the Los Angeles Poultry Association, at a special meeting called for the purpose of passing resolutions upon the death of our beloved president, George A. Case, have enacted the following, to-wit:

"That we most heartily sympathize with the family of our beloved president, George A. Case, whose sudden death on the 6th day of December, 1894, has cast a shadow of sorrow in the circles of his numerous friends and members of his association, and left his dearly beloved wife and children alone in this world without protection; and,

"Whereas, George A. Case, has always shown himself to be a dutiful and noble man, mindful not only of the requirements of his family, but also ready and anxious to assist others; it is therefore,

Resolved, by the Los Angeles Poultry Association, that by the death of our president, George A. Case, we have lost a dear friend and member, whose place will be most difficult to fill.

Resolved, that we extend to his bereaved family our most sincere sympathy.

(The committee: A. E. OLHAUSEN, C. M. HEINTZ.

A GRATE FIRE.

Warm one room. Same amount of fuel in Brown's furnace heats the whole house.

Ladies Attention.

The Detroit Hair-dressing and Manicuring Parlors will open Monday with a full line of work. Reduced prices in all branches of work. All ladies having hair dressed or manicured will be presented with a trial bottle of "Lasting Curline." Bangs cut and curled in curls. Open evenings. Rooms 54 and 55, Bryson Block.

AT SANTA MONICA.

Inquire for the winter rates at Hotel Jackson; new house, centrally located.

COLD ROOMS FOR TOURISTS.

Is unknown when F. E. Browne's hotel system is adopted. Investigate. No. 314 South Spring.

NEW FURNITURE STORE.—Furniture at manufacturers' prices. No. 408-410 South Broadway. J. S. Bennett, proprietor.

Chinese and Japanese.

Curios, art goods, embroidered shawls, handkerchiefs, dressing-gowns, retailed at wholesale prices. Heng Lee, importer, 212 N. Main.

The Board of Health says drink Jesse Moore Whiskey.

D. T. KELLY GOUBAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MANICURE BEAUTIFIER.

Purifies as well as beautifies the skin. No the rosiner will do it.

Removes Tan, Freckles, Moth Patches, Red Pimples, and all skin diseases, and every blemish on the face.

It has stood the test of time, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept a counterfeiter of similar name.

Dr. L. A. Barry said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend Goubaud's Cream as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers in the U.S., Canada and Europe. Fred T. Hopkins, Prop'r, 97 Grant Street, N. Y.

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**In Berlin Alone, There are
42,000 of Them.**

The Different Grades—Their Accomplishments and Their Varied Experiences—The Natty Girls.

of 20,000 marks (\$5000). They rate the establishments where they tend to serve as "two-mark," "three-mark," and "five-mark" places, according to the gratuities to be expected from the guest after a full meal.

One of this class of Berlin waiters, a fellow who passed through Heidelberg University, squandered his patrimony in riotous living, and then, after a year of successful admiration for the sports of thirty years, has lately published his reminiscences, a book which is spicy, curious and full of quaint observations from the waiter's point of view. Some of these men are of a high disposition, and at the event they retire from the profession and live a life of ease when old age approaches. One such is Gustav Meyer, who owns three large Berlin apartment houses and has a number of tenants and a number of tenants. But by far the greater number of these waiters are spendthrifts—gamble, bet on races, and squander money on

and Liechen's are fair examples of such establishments, and the waiters are as metropolitan as the material from those cities is readily described. The sense and mien of superiority are there, too, but to outward appearance the beer palace waiter is not nearly so exclusive and unapproachable. His vocabulary is not fit so well, and his white cravat occasionally shows a gray stain. But he is friendly and communicative. To the thousands of guests who daily throng these mammoth establishments, the Tucher Haus accommodates about 4500 every day—he is a source of unlimited information.

"Give me the city directory—part two!"

"What time does the night train for Munich leave?"

"Who won at Calibrest races this afternoon?"

"What time is it, Max?"

"Is the gyulas fresh today?"

And there has been any change in the time-

ameusement establishments, of which Berlin has a large number. Way out in the suburbs, in the Hasenheide, especially, these waiters may be seen in their natural state, with a short black jacket, thickly with grease and stale beer, or else a swallowtail several sizes too large or small, impudent, unbearably familiar, and endowed with an inexhaustible fund of sarcasm, irony and ready repartee. Gratuities are few and far between, and hence the waiter may well follow the natural bent of his peculiar mind, which compels him to make fun of everybody and everything, joins in the conversation during moments of leisure, whistles songs of the hour, or hums the tune yonder brass band is just now performing. He


In a bas-m

is a veritable child of the people, and, in his droh remarks and sarcastic replies, there is more genuine humor than in ten numbers of Kladderadastch, the leading funny paper of Berlin.

A place by themselves is filled by the waiters of the so-called Vienna cafes. Originally established by some enterprising Viennese, the waiters, too, are for

re not as gay as here. One of these establishments, the Cafe National, is a place where, between 1 and 5 o'clock a.m., about 50,000 bottles of champagne were drunk that year; where the stranger from Austria below the boyar from Roumania out for a lark; where the sinful beauty from Warsaw and Buda Pesth ogles the dark-eyed South American with the well-filled pocketbook.

And what shall I say about the "Piccolo," and what about the bewitching Berlin waitress? The piccolo, poor little fellow, is the youngest in process of graduating into the water proper, with a swallow-tail intended for somebody twice his size, with all the "trinkeld" grabbed out of his hands by the adult waiters, with



at saloon.

just one hope in his crushed little soul, that of growing up by and by.

And the waitress? Bless you, she is a creature of such changeful garb and mien that she alone is worth a book. There is, for example, she of the "Studenten Kneipe"—where university students, recent graduates, young doctors yet without patients, but with any amount of "thirst,"

"Clinked glasses," I said—well, hardly, for these places the regulation "ank in Lichtenhainer" is quite something strong, yellowish in hue, with a tinge of green, which is always served in wooden cans with a cover, carved all over with the initials of the different generations. The name is the same as the strong deal tables. From these girls up to those serving in the champagne kneipe," where nothing but the bubbling wine of the champagne is to be had, and where it is served by the thousands, there are many intermediate steps, hundreds of small basement saloons, where the peculiar Berlin white beer is to be had as well as Nordhauser, hot drinks and other strong liquors, are managed and attended to by women or girls. A local reputation not wholly enviable attaches to the Krug Zummi German, an establishment where they sing and dancing go on nightly, all superintended by pretty girls, but that is a place such as slightly varied, one may meet with elsewhere. There are also beer saloons, where the beer and wine saloons where waitresses in evening costumes attend to the wants of the thirsty wayfarer. One of these is the Casino Cafe, where girls attend in jockey costumes and costumes with a touch of the

WOLFF VON SCHIERBRAND.

TARIFF LEGISLATION.

IEWS OF WELL-KNOWN SAN
DIEGO RANCHERS.

the Repeal of the Wilson Bill is Al-
most Unanimously Favored—
The Causes of the Hard

annunciations of the McKinley tariff and the sugar-bounty clause, which made possible a great industry in Southern California. (3.) Do you favor the repeal of the Wilson bill? (4.) Have there been any hard times yet? Do you describe hard times in whole or in part to the influence of the Wilson bill?

Of the forty-four answers thus far received the replies to question No. 1 were: 10; no answer; 2 non-committal; 1 question No. 2, 37; no; 5 yes; 1 non-committal; 1 no answer. To question No. 3, 33 yes; 7 no; no answer; 2 non-committal. To question No. 4, 1 has had no hard times; 1 no answer to the last half of the question, Do you ascribe hard times in whole or in part to the influence of the Wilson bill? The replies to question No. 5 were: 6 no; 3 non-committal; no answer.

The remarks accompanying the answers indicate a keen appreciation of the effect upon our legislators of the "hard times" of the country for the most part these timorous ranchers announce their opinion passionately, attributing the widespread business depression to the influence of the McKinley tariff legislation and to uncertainties arising from weak-kneed legislators in handling the question pertaining to the monetary system of this country. Charles Brown, of Sweetwater, Alabama, one of the most respected fruit-growers of Southern California, and a man highly regarded in leading business circles, writes me in reply to my questions at the Times's questions: "I hardly feel like committing myself so far ahead concerning any laws which the controlling Congress will pass." He is writing to me thirty-fourth Congress. We do not know

G. D. Woolsey says: "The fruit-growers of Southern California must have a high protective tariff on oranges and lemons; so a tariff on foreign immigration. The fruit-growers of the Southwest want any tariff on any foreign goods. They want any tariff on any Democratic or free trade prosperity. They hope that the next Congress will rescind the McKinley bill. It was good enough for me."

William H. Wilson, one of the prominent men on this Coast says: "It is to be hoped and expected that the next Congress will eradicate the disastrous results of eighteen months of senseless, Democratic thuggery."

William H. Ferry, a leading rancher, says: "I ascribe the hard times mainly to the Wilson bill, because the silver agitation of itself would hardly have had force enough, but both together have unsettled the country. The country is in a financial strait from abroad from lack of confidence and uncertainty as to our currency. As long as we are a debtor nation with

...long pull, a long pull, and a long pull altogether, and the patriots will bring property back to our impoverished people as none else will."

Unmoved.

(Washington Star.) "It's no use," she said. Dejectedly, "I've simply got to suffer."

"What's the matter?"

"Young Mr. Slogo called last night. I endured his society patiently until I saw he was a true patriot. He said self-defense I was forced to remark. Really, Mr. Slogo, I'm very much afraid it is getting late."

"And what did he do then?"

"He simply smiled, and said that women were naturally timid."

Kate Field has been decorated in France with the distinction of the Académie Palm. Miss Field is a shining example of the fact that a woman can get along nicely in this life without wearing bloom-

Flutes and Nails that Dance—A Lamp that Burns Under Water. Nikola Tesla's Fiery Hand.

BY THEODORE WATERS.

[From a Special Contributor.]

Any one of our modern electrical scientists could, by departing from the dignity of his calling, launch out as a professional magician and make a fortune on the stage. Nikola Tesla, Edison, Prof. Silhu Thomson, and many other earnest workers surmise that their laboratory experiments anything done behind the footlights. No Hindoo juggler can do more than the gentle art of mystifying than the electrician. His apparatus is simple and its results are amusing enough to sound recalls.

Thomas A. Edison several years ago laid a small motor which ran without any apparent electrical connection. It stood upon a table and whirled rapidly. It was a mystery mystifying in the then stage of electrical science and savored of perpetual motion. The real secret lay in the fact that projecting from the base of the motor were two sharp metal pins which, when the motor was laid upon the table, penetrated the thin veneer of the table top and made connection with wires underneath.

An electrician would disdain such a device now. Recent progress has shown that the necessity of the table top connecting wires. Motors now run and

found in this trick of exhibiting an egg under the influence of a powerful electric current and of the magnetic electricity. In one of the experiments was a large egg on end upon a table. Visitors wondered what made that egg stand on end. Then it was discovered that the egg was held up by the magnetic field of the current, not standing but whirling—whirling with such rapidity that it seemed to stand still. Suddenly the egg stopped moving and fell down upon its side. Nikola Tesla, and others, have since repeated this very simple phenomenon, easily produced, and an everyday occurrence in the laboratory. The egg belonged to Nikola Tesla, and is now in the collection of the Museum of the City of New York. Inside the egg were arranged several coils of wire, and these were acted upon by several other coils near by, but unconnected with any mechanical process with the egg itself.

BREAKS OF THE ALTERNATING ELECTRIC CURRENT.

When the alternating current of electricity, as it is called, began to be understood several years ago, it was noticed that very peculiar phenomena were attendant upon the coils of wire that carried the peculiarly-wound coil of wire was placed near another coil that was traversed by an alternating current, a repulsive action took place between the coils, and they separated from each other. Under other conditions, attraction resulted. By manipulating the coils a series of attractions and repulsions could be produced, and it was found that people get a number of strange effects, one of them being the apparent causeless whirling of the egg. Another is the accumulation of the egg on the end of a wire drawn upon the table in place of the egg, rolls so rapidly that its form is indistinguishable.

THE FLYING RING.

Perhaps the most wonderful trick of all the one in which the current overcomes the force of gravity. A short, stout column of wood stands upon the laboratory table. Near by is a copper ring, a trifle longer than the column. Concealed in this column of wood is a coil traversed by an alternating current. Now, strange as it may seem, it is impossible to keep that ring on that column. Place it there and it will fall. The moment you make your hands away. Throw it on, it will dance itself in mid-air around the column until the electricity overcomes the force of gravity, and then it will fly away as far as the magnetic action has taken place and forced the ring away from the immediate neighborhood of the concealed coil. The effect is really magical. The ring can be made to stay

It is current is induced in the coil, which is secured in the base of the lamp, and the latter is placed in the water. Such an arrangement upon the professional stage would cause the greatest wonderment. The jar filled with water is merely used for effect, for if the lamp is taken out of the water and laid on the table it will light up quickly. Such an exhibition as this ought to cause grave forebodings to be experienced throughout the match trade.

BALLS AND PLATES SPINNING UNDER WATER.

The queerest aquarium in existence, probably, is owned by Prof. Thomson. For he uses the same jar and water in which the lamp was exhibited. His fish are differently shaped and constructed from any that play the same. In fact, they consist of some small metal balls and a metal plate. Tossed lightly into the water they immediately revolve at a speed suffi-

and spin it on a pivot, not by any mechanical means, but by surrounding the plate and pivot with what appears to be a large hoop attached to a handle. The spring, however, is really the core of a large ring, which is loosely slipped over the pivot and round it. The repulsion and attraction set up in the hoop cause the metal plate to revolve. If the bunch of magnets is thrown on the table and within this hoop, the whirl is as rapidly as in the first instance, and would the egg.

The following was described how he has laid a common steel file on a table underneath which a coil was fixed, and caused the metal discs to revolve in his hands by merely holding the discs near to the file. He performed in another laboratory not far off, a number of metal plates were laid out on a table as though in preparation for a party to a meal. Then some people were asked to seat themselves at the table, and no sooner had they done so than the plates suddenly began to jump into the air, and the guests could have been more startled by the explosion, and the accompanying stampede. Then it was disclosed at each plate had been laid directly over where a coil was placed under the table.

Following is an idea obtained from the above, one of the persons present suggested that church contribution boxes should be made in this plan with curious results. Such a box has been used and is simply impossible to get money to it. Pennies especially have no liking for it and fly out in a surprising manner.

THE DANCING NAILS.

The same principle which governed the

the astonished couple. The table was surrounded in an instant by astonished persons whom the nails paired off and danced and bowed to on their sides but immediately got up and offered an apology. Coils beneath the table, which the head of the nails, consisting more bulk than the points, considered more repulsive action and consequently got farther away from the coil, and the woman was regulated from another part of the room.

NIKOLA TESLA'S STARTLING EXPERIMENTS.

Mr. Tesla, in the course of a recent evening lecture, requested that the lights be turned off. It was done, and then the audience saw a truly magic sight. There appeared a electric light of a peculiar kind, his hand and his hand above his head, rays of unequalled beauty came from the lamp and spread down over the body of the audience. The electric light was a pair of wires connecting it with a hidden source of supply. It was as if the lamp Aladdin had been rubbed and beautiful light had been let out.

This was followed by another and even more startling experiment. Again the room was darkened. The lecturer held a variable magnetic induction apparatus and then a human hand, plain and distinct, a hand of fire, reached out from the darkness and, all transparent, was seen shooting out from the wires sparks and streams of fire.

In exposition of these seeming wonders let me give Mr. Tesla's own words:—

TESLA EXPLAINS THE WONDERS.

"When two conducting bodies are insulated

rough the hard rubber is a large sphere of sheet brass. I now set the coil to work and approach the free terminal with a metallic object held in my hand, this simply and without effort produces a series of violent arc discharges. As I approach the metallic object to a distance of eight or ten inches, a torrent of furious sparks breaks forth and the end of the secondary wire which I pass through the rubber column of the machine ceases when the metal in my hand touches the wire. My arm is now traversed by a powerful electric current, vibrating at the rate of one million times a second. All around me the electric force makes itself felt, and the air molecules and particles of dust flying about are acted upon and are hammering violently against my body. So great is the force that I can see the sparks and the lights are turned out you may see streams of feeble light appear on some parts of my body. I can make these streams of light visible.

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
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THE LIFE OF A POWDER-MAKER.

He Lives Long When not Blown to Pieces.

He May not Smoke at His Work or Wear Hats in His Shoes.

How Powder Mills are Built and How Powder is Made—The Causes and Frequency of Gunpowder Explosions.

(From a Special Contributor.)

It is noon by all the admirable electric clocks in the Dupont powder mills, four miles out of Wilmington, Del. The boss's whistle sounds shrilly as he passes up the Hagley yards on his way to dinner. Bells ring in the Bleuthian yards, a mile and a half up the creek, and in the lower yards, half a mile down on the other side. It is noon in the greatest gunpowder works in the world, and the hills look down on black-faced men coming out of powder magazines, saltpeter refineries, packing-houses, charcoal-houses, keg and barrel factories, rolling mills, pressrooms, mixing-houses, grinding mills, glazing mills, and all the miscellaneous buildings that make up the general title of powder mills.

The Dupont works comprise about a hundred buildings widely scattered for safety, and divided into three main yards, each about half a mile long and each surrounded by formidable walls and fences with heavy barred gates whose quick-eyed watchmen stand guard day and night. They add to the powder men as they come out, and to some they hand from their little shanties boots and shoes, which the men slip on in place of the ones which they are wearing. Once inside the gates the law is absolute for workmen and guests alike, that no covering of the feet shall contain any nails or particles of spark-producing metal. Powder-men's shoes are especially made out of soft leather with wooden pegs in the heels, and many a novice at the works has gone about for days with his feet tied in canvas bags for the want of these.

HOW POWDER-MEN SMOKE.

Scarcely are they outside the yards when the men produce pipes, matches and cigars from most unexpected places and begin smoking with a relish born of deprivation. Great smokers they are, these powder-men, by some prevention of fate, and each one has his private hiding place, a cranny in one of the willow stumps or a loose plank in the Barley Mill bridge, where, in the early morning, after some farwell puff, he leaves his tobacco treasure to find them again at noon, the prowling small boy permitting. Quick would be the punishment of any powder-maker caught bringing matches or smoking materials inside the yards, this rule having become imperative after several men had set themselves on fire from concealed pipes. Spending ten or twelve hours every day in the mills, as they do, the powder-men become so saturated with the dust of the gunpowder, which soaks into their clothes and into their skins, that they would literally explode or burst into flames should a spark fall on them. So true is this that whenever a fire breaks out in the yards the first order given is to send all powdermen away, their inflammability being a real danger, not only to themselves, but to the works.

Smoking now as they go, most of the men hurry up the "Dupont bank," a hill of the Hagley yards, where some scores of them have homes piled high among the rocks, in straight confusion, as if an avalanche of trim white houses and giant boulders had been started down the hill and stopped half way, suddenly struck motionless in their mad descent. The powder-men do not mind, however, but clamber up contentedly to this topsy turvy village without streets, where their wives and daughters have dinner waiting. These who live across the creek at "charley banks" ferry themselves over in flat scows. Some do not go home at all, but lounge around in groups on the mill race, eating their lunches out of the pails, and in the intervals putting at the unfurling pipe. Mostly Irishmen they are, these makers of gunpowder, with a sprinkling of Italians and Frenchmen, not a very intelligent set, perhaps, but vastly interesting, for are they not the grimy dwellers in that strange, black sprinkled world, where death is done up in boxes and cans from January to December?

POWDER-MEN'S WAGES.

Now one by one they pass back through the gates, changing their shoes again and resuming their tasks, not at any given signal, but as they feel disposed, for powdermen in the main work by the piece, so much powder to roll or grind or press, so many kegs to fill or stamp or haul, and then they are free to go home. Every morning the whistle sounds through the yards and the bells ring sharply at 7, but scores of men are at work already, having started sometimes at 4 o'clock, knowing that the sooner they begin the sooner they will be through. So it is, and by 1 o'clock all is busy again. Little cars loaded with gunpowder in its various stages being hauled by men or horses from one mill to another, trains laden with powder from the magazines puffing away down the trestles, while slow, heavy sounds come from the massive buildings, where iron rollers weighing six tons and sometimes twenty tons, are crushing and grinding and pressing the black mixture that black-handed, black-faced men are feeding in, with wooden shovels. Thirty million pounds of gunpowder these rollers turn out every year, fifty tons a day.

PECULIAR STRUCTURE OF THE MILLS.

All the mills are built with sides and backs of ponderous stone, three or four feet of the famous Brandywine granite, but the fronts facing the creek are almost open, and the roofs are light sheets of corrugated iron. This peculiar construction is calculated to insure the least possible damage in the not infrequent event of an explosion, the roofs flying off like tea-kettle lids, and falling, ready to be picked up intact and replaced on the fortress-like sides, which usually remain uninjured. But, in some of the newer mills the roof, while made as in the others, of corrugated iron, is shaped like a pyramid, the four triangular sides sloping up to a common point. Each of these sides is strongly hinged at the base to its own wall, and not attached elsewhere, its weight holding it in place ordinarily. As soon as an explosion comes this pointed roof blows down like a rosebud unfolding, and, suffering no damage, can be immediately closed as before.

Thus each mill runs on a gigantic mortar, its load being anywhere from 500 pounds to fifty tons of gunpowder, according to the operation going on inside. With their usual sagacity the Duponts have avoided risking all their powder in one explosion and have constructed a large number of small mills, widely separated, rather than a small number of large ones. Forty feet square is the average ground measurement of these mills, and the heavy sides are uniformly low, thus increasing the strength and giving security against lightning, which has never struck the works in all their ninety-two years of existence. In the flooring and woodwork of these buildings no nails or screws are used on account of the danger of sparks, should the workmen's tools come in contact with a bit of iron. This difficulty is overcome by using pins of hard wood about five inches long and three-quarters of an inch thick, which are cut square, with a notch near the head, and then driven into round holes in the beams. The result

is that the structure is still held together solidly and one danger is avoided. But there are other dangers, many of them.

HOW GUNPOWDER IS MADE.

Ever since the opening of the century, when the Dupont mills were started, their capacity of production has been steadily increasing, each generation of Duponts introducing improved methods of mixing, more efficient machinery, and more perfect organization. The tendency has been steadily to make steam and iron do what formerly required men's hands, especially in the last six years since the death of that old conservative Gen. Henry Dupont, who wrote his own letters with a quill pen and despised everything modern. The remarkable strides taken in this direction have been mainly the work of Francis Dupont, the mechanical genius of the works, who has accomplished such prodigious feats of engineering, as joining together a quarter of a mile of steel shafting running the whole length of the yards and belted to the motive wheels of a dozen different mills, the whole line of shafting being turned by power from a single stationary engine at the extreme end. Those who know how easily even a few hundred feet of shafting will twist in two if there is the slightest variation in the straight line, will appreciate this achievement, which has probably never been duplicated. The same inventive skill has laid steam pipes through the yards, a quarter of a mile long, transferring the motive power through that distance for the mills where the water power is not available and also for use in the dry season when the Brandywine is low.

As already stated the Dupont works turn out fifty tons of gunpowder a day, but this estimate is made on a basis of only ten hours work, whereas many of the mills work day and night, with double shifts of men, sleeping in relays in the night shanties, so that under high pressure they could turn out a hundred tons of powder a day, especially of the cheaper grades. The entire process of manufacturing the gunpowder, from the stirring together in the mixing-room of the principal ingredients—saltpeter, charcoal, sulphur, etc.—to the storing away of the sealed up cans and boxes in powder cars, does not, with the improved methods and machinery, occupy any more than twenty-four hours.

The entire daily output of the works is not started through the various mills in one lot, but is divided into several portions, not more than five tons of freshly-mixed powder being sent from the mixing-mills at once, as the twelve rolling mills cannot handle a greater amount than that. When the first five tons have been sufficiently rolled and sent to the press-rooms, another lot is started from the mixing-rooms, and so on throughout the day. Perhaps ten or twelve tons of powder are made in the rolling-mills, the packing-houses, and finally, twenty-four hours after the start, ending their journeyings, done up in kegs or boxes, in the magazines, ready to be hauled away on the powder train.

THE MOST DANGEROUS PART OF THE WORK.

Of all the various processes which the powder goes through, the slowest, the most dangerous and, perhaps, the most important is the rolling. In the rolling mills many brave fellows have lost their lives or been rightfully wounded. These are the mills with massive walls and light roofs, already described. They stand in pairs along the edge of the Brandywine, the motive power being furnished, in most instances, by the millrace that runs behind them. Thus they stand on narrow tongues of land between the millrace at the back and the creek in front. Powerful turbine water wheels underneath the mills turn the fourteen-ton iron rollers above, and the whole is working in every mill, each eight feet in diameter and eighteen inches across the face. The two are quite separate from each other, the rollers being on the top, which is underneath them, the two massive



Testing ground.
Entrance to lower yard.

wheels rolling in the position of two carriage wheels in an iron tub, ten feet in diameter, around the circumference of which they pursue each other, pressing down upon the bed of powder spread beneath and kept smooth by rakes attached to the revolving spindle. Francis Dupont has invented a system of electric registers, which enable him to know in his own room at any hour of the day, or night just how the rollers are working, and whether the charges have been changed at the proper hours; in short, whether all is going on properly in the charge of a pair of rollers, whether the men are doing their duties.

So dangerous is this operation of rolling the freshly-mixed powder that comparatively small quantities of powder, rarely more than 300 pounds. When placed under the rollers the powder is fresh from the mixing-room, and is as fine as meal. Its excellence and its charge of a pair of rollers is determined upon the amount of rolling it receives, inferior grades being rolled for only an hour, while the better grades are rolled for two, three or four hours. The longer the powder is rolled the dryer it gets, and the more powerful, and so more apt to explode. Therefore, the rollers are obliged to stop the rollers at fixed intervals, varying according to the charge to dampen the powder with water. If they wait too long before stopping the powder a peculiar condition known as "dusting" is produced, when accidents are especially likely to occur.

STOPPING OR STARTING OF THE ROLLERS DANGEROUS WORK.

The most critical period of all in the rolling mill is when the rollers are stopped or started. Time and again as the tons of iron have made their first plunge into the bed of powder, the spark has resulted from the sudden impact, followed by a quick explosion, blowing the roof yards away, perhaps quite across the stream, and killing whoever chanced to be in the line of the shock.

The danger is even greater in stopping the rollers once they have been set in motion, and as a protection to the workmen it was found necessary, some years ago, to arrange these mills so that the men in charge could start or stop them from a distance by working levers that let in or shut off the water from the millrace. This has saved many lives, the men always tarrying long enough after working the levers to be sure that all is well. Then, in comparative safety, they pass inside the rolling mill to sprinkle down the powder "when she's dusting" or to "make a change, when one lot has been sufficiently rolled and is to be replaced by fresh powder."

Day and night these twelve rolling mills, placed at intervals along the Brandywine, grind along with the same regularity, and hour after hour the men in attendance, now one gang, now another, wheel in fresh barrow-loads of powder, two bucket-dippers shovel out the finished powder from the iron pans into empty buckets, always using shovels made of wood, then empty the fresh lot of powder

Remains of powder wagon.

into the box filled once more. Then the press drives forward again, and the process of shoveling operations of this sort what was a quantity of soft powder is changed into black cakes about a foot square and an inch thick, each as hard as coal.

CUTTING THE POWDER.

The powder having been thus submitted to this enormous pressure and solidified, as it were, is now put through a second process before leaving the press-house. The cutting machines receive it brought on iron tracks, and passing through these, it is broken into chunks about three-quarters of an inch square, which are then hauled away in cars to the grinding mills adjoining.

GLAZING THE POWDER GRAINS.

The large glazing mill in the middle yard contains complicated machinery, which can be run either by steam or water power, and which serves to keep ten enormous barrels rotating very fast, and in the fashion of chimes. These ten barrels are placed horizontally side by side, one end being connected with the powder that turns them, while the other end contains a square wheel, which when closed leaves the barrels tightly sealed. The barrels are about seven feet long and four feet in diameter, and are divided into four equal parts, each introduced to half fill them. Along with the powder is introduced a shovelful of composition bullets, made chiefly of lead, and a quantity of black lead. The barrels are kept turning for about an hour, the result being the generation of a great quantity of heat through the friction against the sides, and the glazing of each separate grain of powder with particles of the bullets and the black lead. Although the powder sometimes gets so hot in the barrels that it actually begins to melt, this part of the manufacture is regarded as among the least dangerous of all. Several veteran powder-men assured me that they had never known of a glazing mill exploding, unless it was set off by another explosion.

GRADING AND PACKING.

The glazing process, which now includes drying and packing, is the last of the manufacture. The doors of the barrels are opened and the glossy powder is discharged directly into the cars on the tracks under the building, and at once drawn to the packing-house, where it is sorted according to size and quality, put in boxes and kegs and sent away to the magazines. The packing-house reminds one of a grain elevator as much as anything else. The powder is at least as unloaded from the cars is hoisted to the top of the building, and there passed through a series of sieves, each one of which retains all the powder having grains of a certain size and turns it into a chute destined to receive it. Standing below at the bottom of each chute one sees the powder pouring out five spouts exactly as grain pours into bins. Each one of these powder spouts is marked with a certain letter, and the men who carry single pails up to 5-F, and each one having its corresponding bin, from which the workmen shovel out the powder, weigh it in large scales, and then pack it in kegs, the lower ends discharge into the kegs used in commerce.



Workmen's houses.
Entrance to Hayley yard.

large pressrooms is devoted to the best grade of powder and the other to the ordinary grades.

In former years, when the old hand-presses were used, a force of eighteen men was required in each pressroom, but now that the powerful hydraulic presses have been introduced three skilled workmen can attend to everything. As fast as the powder arrives from the rolling mills it is emptied by the men from the buckets like so much sawdust into a large receiving bin. From this bin the press-room men shovel it into a long box, about a foot square, and the powder is then run almost across the building. This box is built of heavy timbers, and receives at one end the piston or ram of a powerful hydraulic press, capable of exerting a pressure of many tons to the square inch. Before turning on the pressure the men, having filled the long box with powder and smoothed it down at the top, divide the powder into a great many small sections by gutta percha plates which exactly fit into the box. These plates, placed at right angles along the whole length of the box, divide the mass of powder into layers a few inches thick, the distance between the gutta percha plates being determined by the quality of the powder to be pressed. When all is ready, the hydraulic press is brought into action, its tremendous power backing the powder as one would squeeze a sponge. The finished powder which has just now filled the entire box no longer fills more than two-thirds of it, and the ram of the press having been withdrawn, an additional quan-

ty of powder is shoveled in and the box filled once more. Then the press drives forward again, and the process of shoveling operations of this sort what was a quantity of soft powder is changed into black cakes about a foot square and an inch thick, each as hard as coal.

CUTTING THE POWDER.

The powder having been thus submitted to this enormous pressure and solidified, as it were, is now put through a second process before leaving the press-house. The cutting machines receive it brought on iron tracks, and passing through these, it is broken into chunks about three-quarters of an inch square, which are then hauled away in cars to the grinding mills adjoining.

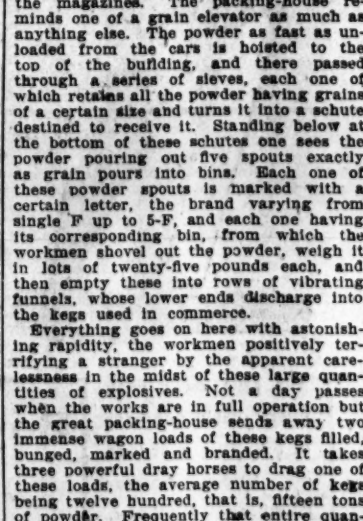
So perfect are the arrangements throughout the yard for carrying the powder between the various rooms and mills that the old practice of shoveling it into bags before loading it on carts or cars has been entirely done away with. Now, as soon as the powder cakes have been cut into chunks, they are placed in small pieces are discharged into a bin, from which an opening underneath lets it down directly into little cars that are brought on iron tracks, and passing through these, it is broken into chunks about three-quarters of an inch square, which are then hauled away in cars to the grinding mills adjoining.

GLAZING THE POWDER GRAINS.

The large glazing mill in the middle yard contains complicated machinery, which can be run either by steam or water power, and which serves to keep ten enormous barrels rotating very fast, and in the fashion of chimes. These ten barrels are placed horizontally side by side, one end being connected with the powder that turns them, while the other end contains a square wheel, which when closed leaves the barrels tightly sealed. The barrels are about seven feet long and four feet in diameter, and are divided into four equal parts, each introduced to half fill them. Along with the powder is introduced a shovelful of composition bullets, made chiefly of lead, and a quantity of black lead. The barrels are kept turning for about an hour, the result being the generation of a great quantity of heat through the friction against the sides, and the glazing of each separate grain of powder with particles of the bullets and the black lead. Although the powder sometimes gets so hot in the barrels that it actually begins to melt, this part of the manufacture is regarded as among the least dangerous of all. Several veteran powder-men assured me that they had never known of a glazing mill exploding, unless it was set off by another explosion.

GRADING AND PACKING.

The glazing process, which now includes drying and packing, is the last of the manufacture. The doors of the barrels are opened and the glossy powder is discharged directly into the cars on the tracks under the building, and at once drawn to the packing-house, where it is sorted according to size and quality, put in boxes and kegs and sent away to the magazines. The packing-house reminds one of a grain elevator as much as anything else. The powder is at least as unloaded from the cars is hoisted to the top of the building, and there passed through a series of sieves, each one of which retains all the powder having grains of a certain size and turns it into a chute destined to receive it. Standing below at the bottom of each chute one sees the powder pouring out five spouts exactly as grain pours into bins. Each one of these powder spouts is marked with a certain letter, and the men who carry single pails up to 5-F, and each one having its corresponding bin, from which the workmen shovel out the powder, weigh it in large scales, and then pack it in kegs, the lower ends discharge into the kegs used in commerce.



Workmen's houses.
Entrance to Hayley yard.

large pressrooms is devoted to the best grade of powder and the other to the ordinary grades.

In former years, when the old hand-presses were used, a force of eighteen men was required in each pressroom, but now that the powerful hydraulic presses have been introduced three skilled workmen can attend to everything. As fast as the powder arrives from the rolling mills it is emptied by the men from the buckets like so much sawdust into a large receiving bin. From this bin the press-room men shovel it into a long box, about a foot square, and the powder is then run almost across the building. This box is built of heavy timbers, and receives at one end the piston or ram of a powerful hydraulic press, capable of exerting a pressure of many tons to the square inch. Before turning on the pressure the men, having filled the long box with powder and smoothed it down at the top, divide the powder into a great many small sections by gutta percha plates which exactly fit into the box. These plates, placed at right angles along the whole length of the box, divide the mass of powder into layers a few inches thick, the distance between the gutta percha plates being determined by the quality of the powder to be pressed. When all is ready, the hydraulic press is brought into action, its tremendous power backing the powder as one would squeeze a sponge. The finished powder which has just now filled the entire box no longer fills more than two-thirds of it, and the ram of the press having been withdrawn, an additional quan-

POWDER-MAKING A MOST HEALTHY EMPLOYMENT.

Apart from the danger of explosions, which, however, are less frequent than is generally supposed, gunpowder mills are exceedingly healthful places. Such a thing as a workman dying of consumption is wholly unknown in gunpowder mills, because the constant breathing into the lungs of dust containing charcoal, sulphur and saltpeter is beneficial. Even horses and mules are not much affected by the average freight yard being vastly more fatal than they. Statistics show that from the beginning of this century, when the Dupont powder mills were established, up to the present year, there has been an average of not quite one death a year from accidents or explosions.

THE POWDER-MAKER'S SUPERSTITIONS.

As among the masters, so among the men, fear is quite unknown, the black-

JAMES G. BLAINE CIGAR.

We will pay \$25.00 to the smoker who will compose the best advertisement for us of not more than 100 words before January 1st on the

JAMES G. BLAINE CIGAR.

As the advertisements come in they will be numbered, so that when they are submitted for award the judges will not know who any of the writers are.

In advertising this plan we desire to say there is no trade, profession or study which holds forth greater promise of reward for its successful followers, than that of an original advertisement writer.

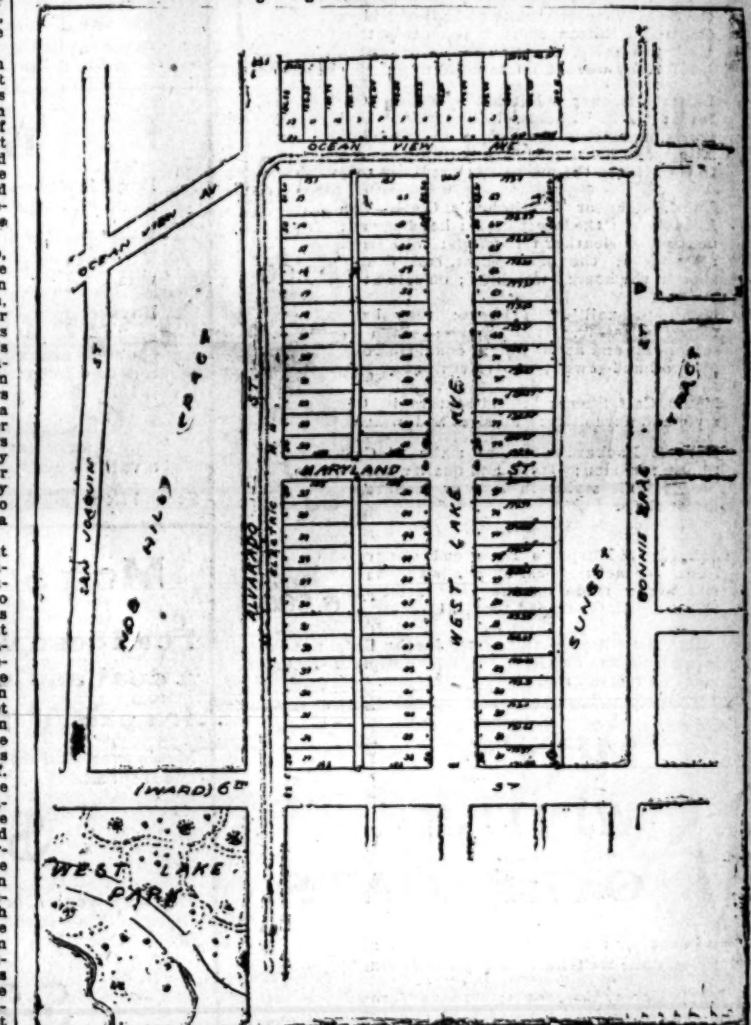
Many of the largest business houses of the United States would gladly avail themselves of the service of any person who will develop special ability in this line, and already many concerns are paying large salaries to professional advertisement writers.

Bishop & Company.

The "Nob Hill" Tract.

Choicest Residence Property and the Cheapest in Los Angeles.

Reached in Ten Minutes from the Center of the City by Electric Car Line.



Situation Superb.

Overlooks the park, a large part of the city, the smiling valley beyond, and in the distance the mountains and the sea. STREETS all graded, graveled, sewered and lined with shade trees; cement curbs, cement sidewalks; lots in shape for building on without the additional outlay of one dollar. LOTS have a front of 50 feet, are from 155 to 200 feet in depth, and all run to a 20-foot alley.

Take Notice. There are only 80 of these lots. A limited number of them—enough to reimburse the owner of the tract for the expense of the grading and other improvements—will be sold at

\$1000 Each.

When these are disposed of the prices of the others will be advanced to \$1500.

In disposing of this property no favor will be shown, all will be treated alike. First comers will get first choice. For maps, circulars and all information, see

S. K. LINDLEY, Sole Agent,
106 South Broadway.

HARDWARE. We make a specialty of Tools and Cutlery.

All kinds of Builders' and Shelf Hardware. Thomas Bros., Tinning and Jobbing. OPENING EVENINGS. 230 S. Spring St.

THE PARISIAN BAZAR
419 S. Spring Street.

CROCKERY
Glass, Tin and
Agateware, etc.

A FEW SAMPLES OF OUR PRICES
Large bottle Ammonia..... 5c
Blueing..... 5c
Best Sperm Machine Oil..... 5c
Chair Seats..... 5c
1-burner Defiance Oil Stoves..... 50c
Special 100 piece Decorated Dinner Sets..... \$7.00

Call And See Our Large Assortment of
TOYS. TOYS.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.
Latest Imported Trimmed Bonnets, Hats, Feathers, Fancy Embroidries and Trimmings. Parfums and S. Bryson Block. Take Mrs. FORSTER HUBER, Manager.

Buy your holiday supply now.
Avoid the Christm's week rush.

Men's Yachting Caps.
25 dozen black, blue and gray Yachting Caps for men, we will run as leaders this week.
\$1 value for 75c and 50c
High grade materials.

Opera and Tourists' Hats
Men's Opera and Tourists' Hats smooth trimmed. Why pay \$1.50 elsewhere? All we ask is.....
\$1.00
Graceful and popular styles.

Men's Derbys.
Men's black Derby Hats. A full line unequalled in quality. They were \$2.00.....
\$1.50
Superiority of workmanship.

Men's Fedora Hats.
The popular hat of the season. We show it in 10 shades of coloring. Rich silk trimming throughout. It is a waste of money to pay \$4 when we only ask.....
\$2.50
Renowned durability.

Men's Silk Hats.
Genuine felt plush, full dress silk Hats in both Knox and Dunlap fall and winter styles. Why pay hat stores \$7.00 for them when we only ask for as good.....
\$5.00
Most stylish shapes.

For the accommodation of our customers we hold Christmas goods, bought now, and deliver when wanted.

SHOES.

In this department we are making most strenuous efforts in footwear. Our sympathy goes out to all who do not visit us; our gains to those who do. The enduring quality of our shoes has been the foundation of our success, and we want people to know it. These are times people want much for their money. We give it.

Infants' Shoes; grand extra value, as long as they last, at **35c**
Children's Goat or Kid Shoes; made of good solid leather; every pair warranted. **\$1.00**

Children's Dongola Shoes, sizes 8 1/2 to 10 1/2; made with patent leather tips; very dressy. **\$1.25**

Misses Dongola Kid Button Shoes; flexible sole; they parallel any \$2 shoes on the Coast; Jacoby Bros.' price, **\$1.50**

Misses' Pebble Goat School Shoes; sizes 11 to 2; solid leather from beginning to end; marvelous value at **\$1.50**

Misses' Dongola Shoes; kid or cloth top, B to EE widths; neat patent leather tip; astounding worth here. **\$2.00**

Ladies' Shoes, kid or cloth top, common sense or opera toe, patent leather tip, D, E and EE widths; they are the talk of the town, at **\$1.50**

Ladies' White Kid Slippers; opera toe, kid lined; all widths; the equal of any \$3 article in the city; Jacoby Bros. price, **\$2.00**

Ladies' Fancy Slippers, in many colors; broken lines which were \$5; if we have your size and color, a pair is at your disposal for **\$2.00**

Ladies' Suede Slippers; patent strap, steel headed, L. X. U. heel; lavender, canary, Nile green, fawn and corn colors; they are perfect beauties; in fancy footwear we positively lead. **\$4.00**

Curtis & Wheeler's make of Ladies' Kid or Cloth Top Button Shoes; patent leather tip, turn soles, common sense or opera last; they were \$8; reduced to **\$5.00**

Laird, Schober & Mitchell's Suede Oxford; L. X. U. heel, hand-sewed; best goods on earth; they come in lavender, Nile green, corn and canary shades; AA to C widths; they were \$6; reduced to **\$5.00**

Laird, Schober & Mitchell's Cloth Top Lace Shoes; the latest craze; hand-sewed; neat patent-leather trimmings; all sizes, all widths; the handsomest, most dressy shoe in the house; worth \$7; on sale at **\$5.00**

Men's "Noxall" Calf Shoes; they have many imitators, but no equals; made of select calf and hand welt; equal in comfort to hand-sewed; \$5 value; at **\$3.00**

Men's Calf Shoes; world-beaters in fit, style and durability; all sizes and widths. **\$4.00**

Bart & Packard's famous make of Calf Shoes for men; style and quality unsurpassed; all styles in lace or congress; latest shape. **\$5.00**

Johnston & Murphy's Lace and Congress Shoes for men; finest of calf is the material used; made on the very latest patterns; plain or tipped toe; at **\$5.00**

Rubbers till you can't rest. Jacoby Bros. are the largest dealers and have the most complete assortment of footwear on the Pacific Coast.

MEN'S WINTER OVERCOATS.

Weather records show that rain always precedes cold weather. Prepare in time.

Men's Kersey Overcoats; tan and brown mixed shades; heavy winter weights; worth \$10. **\$7.50**

Men's Black Cheviot Overcoats; Heavy, firm knit material; well made and trimmed; worth \$12.50. **\$9.00**

Men's long-cut Overcoats, in kerseys, chevots and clays; we have a splendid collection of shades in these goods, such as navy blue, black, tan, mixed blues and gray; exemplary \$15 value. **\$12.50**

Men's "Paddock" Overcoats; the latest swell garment; we take great pleasure in calling to your attention our splendid line of overcoats in black and dark-blue kerseys, beavers and black basket chevot; original value \$25; now **\$20.00**

Men's Mackintoshes.

They answer the double purpose of a rubber and overcoat at the same time. We have a special inducement in a double texture mixed patterns Mackintosh. Out extra long; very deep cape; worth fully \$8, at **\$5.00.**

Winter Weather Goods.

We carry complete lines of boys' dull and luster-finished rubber coats, with prices within doubt the lowest. We make a specialty of Boy's Mackintoshes. We can fit all sizes; we have a superb line. Regular price \$6, cut to **\$4.50.**

JACOBY BROS.

128-134 North Spring Street—Through to Main.

Most important event of the year.
Unprecedented sale surplus stock.

Boys' Clothing.

Most attractive inducements for you to join the crowd this week.

Boys' Knee Pants Suits, double-breasted, dark brown and gray checked. Cut from \$3.00 to **\$1.95**

Boys' Double-breasted Knee Pants Suits, made up of hand twisted, most durable material. Cut from \$4 to **\$2.65**

Boys' Double-breasted Knee Pants Suits, in an assortment of over 30 patterns, all full lines, double seated and kneed pants. Each individual suit worth \$5.00. **\$3.50**

Boys' Knee Pants Suits, cut double-breasted, dark blue and black heavy ribbed chevot, double seat and knee. Worth \$6.00. **\$4.50**

Boys' Knee Pants Suits, sizes 5 to 15, in solid colored chevots, cassimeres and worsteds, most perfect fitters, best of trimmings. Worth \$7.50. **\$6.00**

A. Schuman & Co.'s celebrated make of Boys' Clothing, for which we are sole agents for Southern California, we are displaying a splendid variety of. They are made up in this season's latest effects, and from the standpoint of clothing constitute the height of art. We carry all grades, from \$12.50 down to \$6.00.

Big Boys' Suits.

Boys' Double and Single-breasted Suits, sizes 13 to 19, made up of dark patterned materials. Worth \$7.00. **\$5.00**

Boys' Double-breasted Suits, black heavy ribbed chevot, coats cut full length, sizes 13 to 19. Regular \$10 value, **\$6.50**

Boys' Single and Double-breasted Suits in black and blue heavy ribbed close woven chevots and mixed cassimeres, bang-up fitters and extra well made. Our word for it they are worth \$12.50. **\$10.00**

Boys' Black Clay Worsteds Suits, both round and square cut, splendidly tailored. On a value equality with the best \$15 garment. **\$12.50**

Second floor, middle aisle.

Men's Trousers.

For those who wish to fill in a coat and vest with an extra pair of pants.

Men's gray and mixed brown Cheviot Pants, cut from \$2 to **\$1.50**

Men's all wool Cheviot in neat stripes and checks. The regular asking everywhere at \$3.50. Our price **\$2.50**

Men's Duchess Trousers, for which we are sole agents for Southern California, sell with the following extraordinary guarantee; You may buy a pair of Duchess Trousers at \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$5 and wear them two months. For every suspender button that comes off we will pay you 10 cents. If they rip at the waistband, we will pay you 50 cents. If they rip in the seat or elsewhere we will pay you \$1 or give you a new pair.

Men's Suits.

We call the attention of the purchasing public, or rather that portion of it known as the sterner sex, to the incomparable values our Men's Clothing Department is now offering.

Remarkable values in black and figured Chevots, in single and double-breasted sacks at **\$10.00**

Remarkable values in black and blue, heavy ribbed Chevots and Storm Serges, both in frock and sack at **\$12.50**

Remarkable value in Men's Suits, in firm, all woolen cassimere, ribbed and smooth-finished chevots, and all-woolen worsted **\$15.00**

Remarkable values in Men's Dress Suits, made up of dark and medium shades of cassimere, imported worsted, blue and figured chevots; they come in double and single-breasted sacks and regent-cut frocks at **\$20.00**

Climbing Monkey.



We give away with every cash purchase of \$2.50 or over one of those popular Climbing Monkeys. Fourth consignment received yesterday.

Men's Furnishings.

Handkerchiefs and Mufflers.

A line of fine Japanese Silk Initial Handkerchiefs. Buy your holiday handkerchiefs now, while the line is full. Regular price 75c and 50c, now **35c 12 1/2c**

Genuine Linen Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs, plain and fancy bordered. Extra offers at 25c and

Mufflers.

Plain and Brocaded Silk Mufflers, full size, \$1.50 value. **\$1.00**

Men's Hosiery.

Remarkable values in all wool, Seamless Hosiery in natural gray and black. Worth 40c, at **25c**

Remarkable values in J. & R. Morley's English Cassimere Half Hose, in natural blue and lavender mixed shades. Sold elsewhere at \$1 and 75c. Our price **50c**

Suspenders.

Men's Fancy Embroidered Satin Suspenders; silk ends. Buy your best fellow a pair. Furnishing goods store price, \$1.25. Our price **75c**

Also several lines of Fancy Suspenders. Christmas Gifts. Nicely packed in glass boxes. At lowest prices, **\$1.00**

Men's Underwear.

Men's Sanitary Wool Undewear. Good weight. Superior quality. Per garment **\$1.00**

Men's Finest Wool Undewear. Extra heavy. Comes in two shades of brown. Regular price, \$2.50. On account of overstock, cut to **\$1.00**

Men's Fine English Cassimere Underwear. Colors gray, brown, lavender and gold. Soft velvet finish. Regular price, \$3. Cut to **\$2.00**

Men's Dress Shirts with Fancy Bosom. Cuffs attached. Very stylish. Regular price \$1.50, at **\$1.00**

Main floor, North Spring street.

Boys' Overcoats.

Guard your boy from the terrors of pneumonia and kindred ills by keeping him warmly clad. We can fill the want in.

Boys' Cape Overcoats, sizes 2 1/2 to 9, cut long. Unsurpassed value at **\$2.50.**

Boys' Cape Overcoats of Mixed Cheviot. Dark pattern. Sizes 9 to 15. Cut full long. Quality will astonish you. **\$3.50.**

Boys' Navy Blue Cheviot Cape Overcoats. All sizes. Nobby fitters and well made up. Deep cape. Unsurpassed value at **\$5.00.**

Children's Handsome Triple Cape Overcoats. Most stylish patterns extant. Made up of finest textures going. Most choice variety at **\$9, \$8.50, \$7.50, \$6.**

Second floor, rear section.

Boys' Furnishing Goods.

Best Line in the City at Lowest Prices.

Boys' seamless Derby-ribbed Stockings, guaranteed absolute fast black; sizes 6 to 10; regular value 25c; now **15c**

Boys' Heavy-ribbed Stockings, double heel and toe; we warrant every pair fast black; all sizes; dry-goods store price, 35c; our price, **25c**

Boys' all-silk Windsor Ties; neat patterns, good lengths; elsewhere, 35 cents; each **15c**

Boys' gray Knit Undershirts; heavy weight; reduced from 25c to **15c**

Boys' white Heavy-fleeced Undewear; regular weight, trimmed seams; 50c value. **35c**

Boys' Sanitary natural-gray Undewear; strictly all wool, finished with taped-neck and pearl buttons; actual value, **75c**

Boys' Shirt Waists and Blouses, made up of dark-patterned chevots; only **25c**

Boys' unlaundered white Shirt Waists; linen collars and cuffs, pleated bosom; the same quality as the \$1 laundered grade. **35c**

Second floor, right-hand aisle.

BOYS' HATS AND CAPS.

We carry these goods in a special department, and give to them extra attention.

Boys' O'Shanters and Yachting Caps; splendid 50c value; to close we run them out at **25c**

Boys' natty Worsted Hats, made with stitched brims; they come in dark and solid colors; we should ask 75 cents for them; on sale at **50c**

Boys' Yacht Caps, in dark, small-figured chevot and navy-blue cadet cloth, the latter finished with gold cord; special value at **50c**

Boys' Fedora Hats, in tan and brown shades; two lines we are closing out; reduced from \$1 to **75c**

Boys' Fedora Hats; late fall coaching style; they come in black, Bismarck brown and mode shades; hat-store value, \$1.50; our price, **\$1.00**

Second floor, opposite elevator.

BOYS' KNEE PANTS.

For romping lads who must be firmly clad.

Boys' Knee Pants, Extra serviceable. Sizes 4 to 15. Only. **15c**

Boys' Knee Pants, heavy brown and gray mixed Chevot, somewhat broken in sizes. Cut from 50c to **35c**

Boys' Knee Pants, guaranteed all wool. Vast variety of patterns in Cassimeres and Chevots. Also solid black and dark blue Chevots. Heavy ribbed. Most superior value at **\$1.00**

Second floor, take elevator.

Children's Novelty Blouses

We have the cutest, dressiest, nattiest, noblest and best collection of fancy Blouses in white and colored, with embroidered deep collars and cuffs, suitable for Christmas presents. We can suit all pockets, all tastes and all demands. Prices the lowest.

Free! Free! Free!

We will give away, as long as they last, free gratis, upon presentation of this coupon at our store, any one of the following novels:

To non-residents we will mail, upon receipt of this coupon and a 2 cent stamp, any one book ordered.

Munro's Library of Popular Novels.

1. A Yellow Aster. By "Iota."
2. Esther Waters. By George Moore.
3. The Man in Black. By Stanley J. Weyman.
4. Dodo. By E. F. Benson.
5. Ships that Pass in the Night. By Beatrice Harraden.
6. A Rogue's Life. By Wilkie Collins.
7. The Duchess. By "The Duchess."
8. Called Back. By Hugh Conway.
9. A Wicked Girl. By Mary Cecil Hay.
10. Back to the Old Home. By Mary Cecil Hay.
11. Wedded and Parted. By Charlotte M. Braeme.
12. The Bag of Diamonds. By George Manville Fenn.
13. The Octoroon. By Miss M. E. Braddon.
14. A Study in Scarlet. By A. Conan Doyle.
15. Forging the Fetters. By Mrs. Alexander.
16. My Lady's Money. By Wilkie Collins.
17. The Shadow of a Sin. By Charlotte M. Braeme.
18. The Cricket on the Hearth. By Charles Dickens.
19. The Squire's Darling. By Charlotte M. Braeme.
20. Singleheart and Doubleface. By Charles Reade.
21. Lady Grace. By Mrs. Henry Wood.
22. Maid, Wife or Widow? By Mrs. Alexander.
23. Black Beauty. By Anna Sewall.
24. Ideala. By Sarah Grand, author of "The Heavenly Twins."
25. Gamille. By Alexander Dumas.
26. Her Last Throw. By "The Duchess."
27. Three Men in a Boat. By Jerome K. Jerome.
28. The Honorable Mrs. Vereker. By "The Duchess."
29. The House of the Wolf. By Stanley J. Weyman.
30. Charlotte Temple. By Mrs. Rowson.
31. The Shattered Idol. By Charlotte M. Braeme.
32. Derrick Vaughan—Novelist. By Edna Lyall.
33. The Mystery of No. 15. By Helen B. Mathers.
34. He Went for a Soldier. By John Strange Winter.
35. The Haunted Chamber. By "The Duchess."
36. Cleverly Won. By Hawley Smart.
37. Doris's Fortune. By Florence Warden.
38. Dinna Forget. By John Strange Winter.
39. The Earl's Error. By Charlotte M. Braeme.
40. A Golden Heart. By Charlotte M. Braeme.
41. Her Only Sin. By C. M. Braeme.
42. The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome K. Jerome.
43. In Durance Vile. By "The Duchess."
44. A Little Rebel. By "The Duchess."
45. A Little Irish Girl. By "The Duchess."
46. Lays, Lord Berresford. By "The Duchess."
47. The Moment After. By Robert Buchanan.
48. A Marriage at Sea. By W. Clark Russell.
49. A Mad Love. By author of "Love and Lord."
50. The Other Man's Wife. By John Strange Winter.
51. On Her Wedding Morn. By Charlotte M. Braeme.
52. Stage-Land. By Jerome K. Jerome.
53. Struck Down. By Hawley Smart.
54. A Star and a Heart. By Florence Merryat.
55. Sweet is True Love. By "The Duchess."
56. The Two Orphans. By D'Ennery.
57. A Troublesome Girl. By "The Duchess."
58. Two Generations. By Count Lyof Tolstol.
59. At the Green Dragon. By Beatrice Harraden, author of "Ships that Pass in the Night."

JACOBY BROS.

128-134 NORTH SPRING STREET - - - - - THROUGH TO MAIN.